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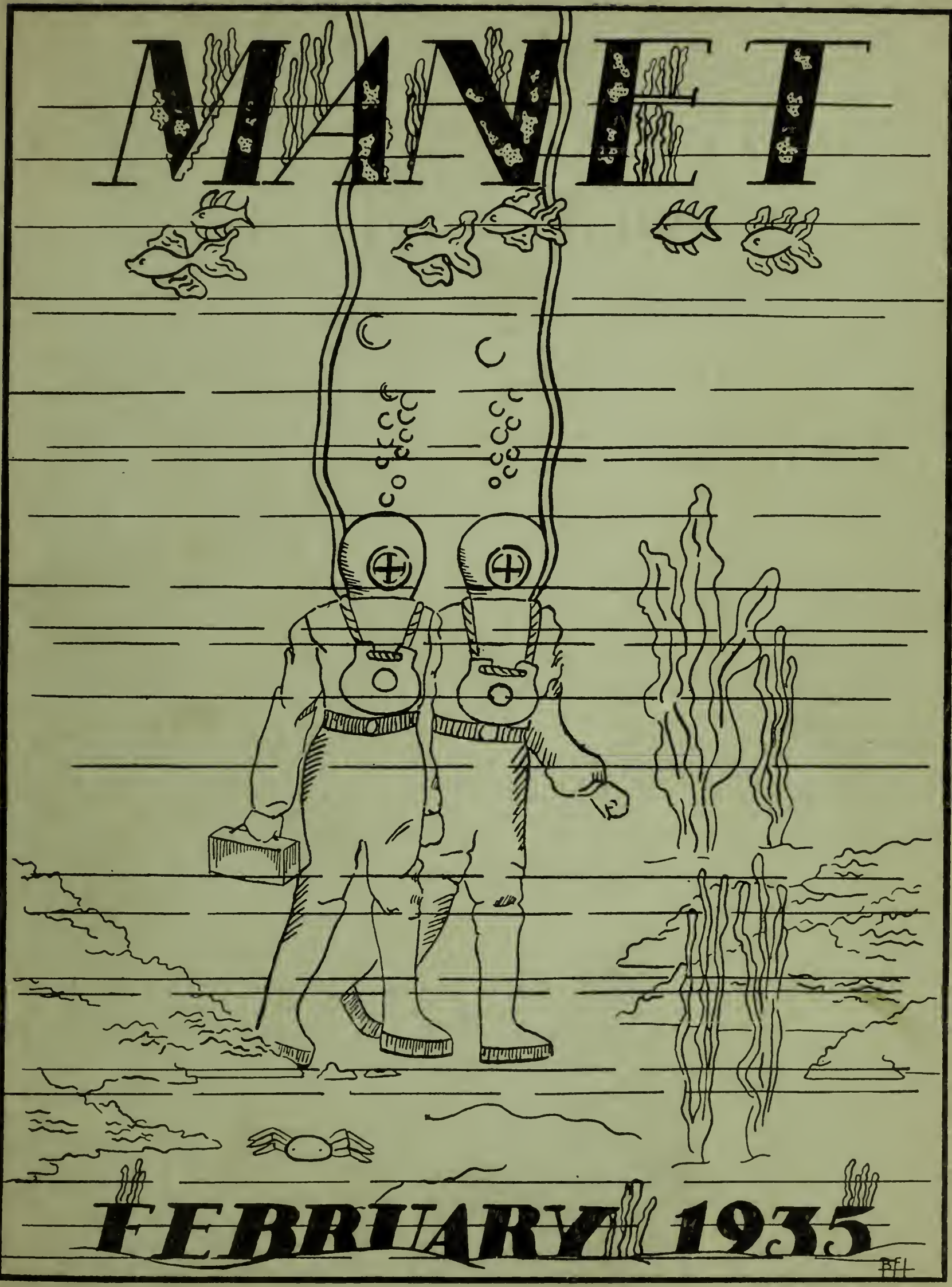

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Nature in the Raw

STEPHEN R. PUTNAM, 12-1

Some three years ago I expectantly visited my old friend, Captain Jonathan Bilgewater, then ninety-three years old, and busy carving out ship models at a great rate. The morning I came up to his cottage on the Maine coast, it was blowing a gale from the southeast. The wind carried salt spray to the front doorstep. In response to my one ring on the bell a genial white-bearded face greeted me. The captain cocked his eyes toward the sea. There was a peculiar light in those grey eyes. I knew it of old. Then he bade me enter. As he drew two comfortable chairs up to the fireplace, he appeared quite anxious to see me. When we were both seated, he handed me a "five-center," lighted his from an ember, puffed away while he stared ahead, and spat vigorously from the corner of his mouth into the fire. Finally, after he had stared awhile at a ship model on the mantelpiece, he shot a quick direct look at me. I caught that peculiar glint of the eyes again. I knew he was bursting with a tale.

"Roger," he said to me in a very solemn tone, "I'm now pretty well along in years, my boy, and as I'm likely to slip my cable any minute, there's been one thing that I've been wishing to tell yer. That's of my first voyage as captain aboard the clipper 'Yatagan.' I've never told a soul this tale before because I've always been afraid that they'd think I was a lunatic; but I know I can trust you, Roger; so, listen well."

I thanked him for the compliment. After blowing a few smoke rings, the while he seemed to be looking intently at some far off land, he began his amazing story.

"Well," he says, "it all began in 1851. We had just discharged our cargo in a small port in southern France; but, as we were unable to secure a cargo for Singapore, we were forced to take on ballast in the only available form, which was five hundred barrels of rum. As we started out with all that weight aboard, the vessel rode as steady as the Rock of Gibraltar. However, after sailing along fine for about three days, the ship commenced to act queerly. As time wore on, light breezes seemed to keel her over more and more. Day by day she appeared to draw less water. Then, to make matters worse, the crew said they were becoming affected by the off motion of the ship. Now, they kept below decks more than usual. When they did come on deck, the way that they staggered around was frightful. I even caught whatever was in the air m'self, and began to feel dizzy-like and to roll round like the men. A certain day things became so bad that one of our most reliable seamen slipped off a yardarm and fell into the sea. However, when he be fished out, it war amazing how normal he acted, though be it only for a few hours. In the meantime the ship seemed to grow lighter and lighter, so light that even a five knot breeze canted her well over. And to make matters worse, during the night the barometer fell so far that the needle made several revolutions before coming to rest, which meant we were in for a terrific hurricane or worse.

"I ordered all canvas off her. That done, we were all startled by the cry, 'Land, Ho!' from the starboard watch. I whisked out my spy-glass and peered at the land. A moment later, how well I remember, I bust out with, 'Holy Jumpin' Jehosophat, it looks like we must be makin' on the land like greased lightnin'! Must be a bad current here!'

"No sooner had I said it than we were close enough to make out the trees. They looked like giant twisted oaks. 'Wow!' cried the Cook, 'that's no forest, them's a nest o'waterspouts.'

"When the truth bust on us, there was bustle, I tell yer, men goin' round like a lot o' bees. I got two boats away in a twinklin' with all the crew safe aboard them. The crew, though, seemed to kind of leave the old ship reluctant like. They had kind o' sad faces as they gazed at her as we rowed away.

"A slight breeze whipping ahead of the storm caught her broached-to. Over the old ship went on her beam ends and then she sank right out of sight. Next came the storm. It made a joke out of the days of Noah's Ark. The roar of the wind and sea was deafening. A big wave circling round the thousands of waterspouts came on us and filled both lifeboats to the gunwales.

"Before the boats could sink, came the main blast, the hurricane itself, such a wind never man saw before, I vow. It just whipped half the water out of the boats. Seeing that, the men bent to their oars. I dodged my boat in and out around and among them waterspouts. The other boat was not so lucky.

"And what do you suppose? Well, here's the wonderful part. One of them waterspouts be so flung down by the terrific blast that it just flew itself into a slipknot and tied itself, as it were, right around that other unlucky boat. And with that perfidious blast still a

howlin', that slipknot of waterspout just strained tighter and tighter and bust the boat to bits. Poor fellers, them that was in it.

"I be so moved to my very innards by the loss of them brave men, that I plum forgit to steer my own boat. And my men were all appalled like, still at their oars. So when all hands took a squint through the flyin' spume all about there, we war blown way half up the side of a ugly tilted waterspout, with the sea a-goin' away and the sky, so fur as we could jedge, a comin' nearer.

"As there was signs, then of a sudden, of the storm a-goin' to abate, there war but one thing to do. Them spouts when they die out split in the middle. And the splittin' war commencin' and our escape down the spout war cut off. There warn't but one thing to do, and that war to row to the top of the spout. And on reachin' near the top, all we cud do was ter throw out the anchor to keep us from a slidin' down.

"And now comes the incredible part. There we were anchored up there with the crew all prayin' for forgiveness and confessin' to me as their captain as how they'd drunk up all the rum. Then as they grew more hysterical-like in the flyin' spray up there, for yer couldn't see nawthin' for the mess o' flyin' seawater up the side o' that spout, the boat seemed to be kind o' gently settlin'. We war sort o' sinkin' down through the thinnin' waters of the worn-out spout. And, just as we war all expectin' to suddenly drop miles down into the furious waters, there seemed to come a gentle scrapin' on the bottom of the boat and the sweetest smell like o' beautifuous flowers. And, would yer believe it, we found ourselves settin' right on mother earth, embowered in the sweet foliage of a tropical mountain paradise. That thar spout had stretched right over from the sea till it become connected and fastened like onto the summit of a mountain. So, when the cussed thing died away, we wafted gently down a few feet until the danged lifeboat was restin' on the handiest mountain peak I ever come across."

A Day at the Fair

MARIE CAPPOS, 11-5

I was one of the many fortunate people who spent a glorious holiday at the "World's Fair." Almost every industry believable was presented in some form of building there. If you should take the time to consider one-half of the numerous types of businesses which we have today, you would maintain only a rough estimate of the vast collection and the time of planning and preparation which was involved in creating these wondrous marvels. It was indeed a "Century of Progress."

The tall and short buildings were constructed of all sorts of geometric contrivances and shapes. One surpassed all feeling of dizziness in even attempting to gaze at the skyscrapers and towers. Besides height and structure, they displayed artful blends of color. The huge Hall of Science had the appearance of a brilliantly illuminated metal and glass creation, soaring from colored terraces. Leading up to this predominating structure of magnificence, was the striking Avenue of Flags which lent an air of pomp and gaiety to the fair. Electricity's wizardry was unfolded in a sickle-shaped group of buildings embellished with hanging gardens, steel cypress trees, and electric cascades and fountains.

The temperature registered by the great Texaco thermometer 102°. There had been a lack of rainfall which resulted in a drought and all the dilapidated corn fields could be discerned for miles around the outskirts of the city. The intense heat made us very thirsty and we had to content ourselves by drinking tonic, as the scanty water supply was said to contain a form of poisoning.

My greatest thrill was the sky ride. On this trip I reached a height of over a thousand feet into midair. I rode in a small cart which soared up, up into twin towers of a height greater than that of the Empire State Building. I experienced a breath-taking sensation upon my rapid descent and witnessed another peculiar feeling when I reached good old "Mother Earth" once again. My condition might have been interpreted as an acute attack of both seasickness and dizziness. Despite all this nausea, however, I continued on my sight-seeing tour with much eagerness.

Among the various villages represented was the Bowery of New York which portrayed the famous Brooklyn Bridge where that famed person, "Steve" Brody, accomplished his miraculous diving feat. The early Colonial and French periods were displayed in all their quaintness, and appeared very realistic. I considered the Indian village the most interesting with its war dances and medicine chieftains.

The Enchanted Island was a five-acre wonderland for the children attending the fair. They derived great pleasures from the magic mountain, tropical garden, children's theater, and the miniature railroad. At dusk a glamorous display of fireworks arrayed all the heavens and

was very pleasing to the eye.

There were throngs of people crowded at each side show and place of interest. It was almost an impossible feat to cross the city thoroughfares because there are no subways, and long lines of street cars progressed slowly on through the massive traffic, one after the other in single file.

Chicago also holds its marauding corner. I witnessed the section where John Dillinger, alleged gangster, met his death after he had stepped out of a cheap theater. The exact spot where the happening took place was pointed out to many sightseers with eager interest. The bleak and desolate alleys were typical of the inhabitants of the underworld. The atmosphere was made all the more weird and alluring by the cans of blood-red paint whose contents were spread over every object in view by newspaper men busily involved in filming the horrible scenes.

One could have enjoyed wondrously eventful days at the fair, and not have been able to see all that there was available. If our feet had had the power to speak for themselves I am sure we wouldn't have seen one-half of what we had set out to view.

The "Century of Progress" might be better described as the "World's Exposition" since the idea of a fair brings to my mind a small country festival, similar to the "Topsfield Fair," where the women chatter busily and exchange what petty gossip or local scandal they have accumulated, and farmers discuss crop conditions and livestock.

The eager Chicago spectators have traveled from many different parts of the country and lend a cosmopolitan atmosphere; while at the county fair everyone is right at home.

Wonderful opportunities, both educational and entertaining, were afforded us by this "Century of Progress" and in my estimation our minds were enriched with that rare beauty and art which is oftentimes overlooked by us in this common everyday business world.

Cruise of the "Tecumseh"

DONALD SHEPHEARD, 10-2

"Cast off the mooring, Stan!"

"Okey doke! Let's go, Cliff!"

The scene was aboard a forty-four foot yawl in Wollaston Bay. The yawl was the "Tecumseh," owned by Mr. G. A. Johnson of Quincy. She was a long, sleek yacht with beautiful lines. Aboard the "Tecumseh" were three boys in their teens. Most prominent of the trio was Clifford Royce Johnson, son of the owner, a tall, husky fellow who appeared older than his sixteen years. He had broad shoulders and an altogether fine physique, with large, clear, sparkling blue eyes and light brown hair. His companion and partner in many incidents, happy and unhappy, was Stanley Bruce Adair. Stan was also of good physique, although lean and wiry, but strong as an ox. He had black, curly hair and laughing brown eyes. The third member of the group was John Tildale Taylor, a year younger than his chums. He was the smallest of the three. Jackie, as he was called, had brown hair and green eyes. The three friends were always seen together and were labelled "The Three Musketeers" by one of their parents, but this title had since degenerated to "The Three Musty Beers."

A moderate easterly breeze was blowing and the "Tecumseh" picked up speed as she sailed close hauled under mainsail, jigger, and jib. "Hoist the jib staysail and the jib topsail, you fellows!" shouted Cliff from his post at the wheel. The boys jumped to carry out his orders and soon the "Tecumseh" was making better speed under the additional sail area. They headed out between Long and Rainsford Islands and came about off Nubble Channel.

They proceeded up Nantasket Roads, in a series of short hitches, to Boston Light. Off Boston Light they were passed by a beautiful seventy-five foot high speed commuter. She had rounded, stainless steel deckhouses harmonizing with the somewhat sheer lines of her hull. Such boats are built for fast commuting between a seaside home and the city in which the owner's place of business is located, for example. Here the "Tecumseh" set out on a long starboard tack seaward.

"Hold her at seventy," Cliff said to Stan who was now at the wheel. Cliff and Jackie, stripped to the waist, were stretched out, wherever they could find room, enjoying a sunbake.

As the "Tecumseh" proceeded she was circled by a roaring speedboat. The passengers waved to the boys and straightening out she sped away. Later on Stan sighted a sail. Gradually they overtook the other boat. She was the "Coronia II," a small cruiser of sloop rig. For a short distance it was nip and tuck, but slowly the "Tecumseh" overtook and passed the other boat. With the "Coronia II" not far astern, they were overtaken by the "Chantey" a large yawl, long and sleek. Her owner shouted, "How about a race?"

"Come on, let's try it, Cliff," said Jackie and Stan almost simultaneously.

"O. K.," shouted Cliff, "we're game."

"Come on, you fellows, take the sheets!" called Cliff. "Jackie, you take the main and jigger. Stan, you take the jib sheets, and I'll take the wheel. O. K. boys, let's go!"

The boys took their posts and settled down to do their best. Cliff tried all the tricks of yacht racing, and he knew a great deal about racing, having participated in and won a great many races, but he succeeded in passing the "Chantey" only once. This gap was soon bridged and the "Chantey" once more took the lead, although it was close sailing all the way.

After they had sailed on this tack about twelve and a quarter miles, Cliff said, "Well, they beat us, but the good old 'Tecumseh' gave the 'Chantey' a run for her money. We've got to come about here. Flatten your jigger, Jackie!" When the crew of the "Chantey" saw the "Tecumseh" coming about, they waved farewell and proceeded on their course.

After they had eaten at noon, they played harmonicas and banjos. For about an hour they had a good time, especially when Jackie tried to sing. 'Nough said.

Suddenly the "Tecumseh" lost headway and the sails began to flap madly.

"Say!" cried Stan, "The wind has shifted around to northeast. It's on our quarter now."

"Start your sheets, you fellows," said Cliff.

This done, the "Tecumseh" once again gained headway. Meanwhile masses of cumulonimbus (thunder shower) clouds had been banking up in the Northeast quadrant. Also a bit of a sea was kicking up. Noticing this, Cliff suddenly shouted, "Lower the sails, you lubbers! Step on it!"

As he spoke Cliff luffed the "Tecumseh," the boys jumped to the halliards, and the order was carried out in short order, but none too soon. Hardly were the sails down than the squall hit with all its fury. The wind came roaring and swishing through the rigging with force enough to snap the masts as though they were matchsticks, perhaps even to capsize the yacht. Stan seized the wheel and attempted to hold her nose into the wind while Cliff went below to start the engine, a Gray 4-35 with reduction gear. Jackie took the oilskins from the locker, and, donning his own, went out on the bridge deck with Stan's. The squall shut out nearly all the light, and roundabout was practically darkness. In this time of need the engine refused to turn over and the poor old "Tecumseh" took many a smashing sea on her beam. Stan sent Jackie to make sure the fastenings of the dinghy were tight while the boat bucked, and plunged, and rolled in the grip of the enraged elements. Suddenly there loomed up right in the path of the "Tecumseh's" drift, a large ship, barely four boat lengths away.

The hearts of Jackie and Stan were in their mouths as they watched the huge ship bear down on them in their helpless state. But the motor, apparently ashamed of its stubborn obstinacy, started up with a roar and the "Tecumseh" plunging ahead barely missed being cut down by the liner. She was the S. S. "Ontario" of the Merchant and Miners Transportation Company with Captain Kauserud,

since badly burned, and beached on the flats of Governor's Island. The squall had spent its rage and it departed as quickly as it had come. A sailboat nearby was not as lucky as the "Tecumseh," for she was dismasted and one of her crew was carried overboard with the rigging. However, after her crew picked up the man overboard and cut away the rigging, she proceeded under auxiliary power. The boys hoisted the sails and proceeded under their power alone as usual.

Shortly they sighted a spar buoy, number eight. It proved to be on Howland Ledge off Duxbury. Their objective was the mouth of Plymouth Harbor.

"I guess I made a mistake in my dead reckoning," said Cliff. "We'll follow the shoreline of Duxbury."

As they proceeded they sighted a group of racing Duxbury fifteen footers. It was a beautiful sight, the sun shining on the white sails, the boats, with their fine lines, cutting through the water, each striving for the lead. Soon they came to the mouth of Plymouth Harbor and proceeding up the harbor came to anchor off Plymouth Rock. Stan, slipping up behind Jackie, threw him overboard. Cliff and Stan

(*Continued on Page 20*)

Chateau d'If

JOSEPHINE CAMBRIA, 11-5

It is late afternoon and a luminous rose and gold sunset flames in the sky and dances on the dark waters, forming a fiery crown in which is set the black old Chateau d'If on its lonely anchorage. This Chateau is famous for having once held prisoner the well known Count of Monte Cristo. We gain entrance through a huge old door of rough planks, now rotten with age and bound by wide iron bands, curiously cut and covered with rust. After passing through the door, which screeches hideously on its broken hinges, we find ourselves before an old wooden table. On the table are tall iron candlesticks. In each of these is a lighted candle which casts a lurid light along the prison walls, and from it lurk long ghostly shadows.

The prison walls are of huge black stones covered with moss and slime. We make our way along these walls and beyond the old table and through a small thin archway leading downward to the prison cells far below. The stairs are broken, uneven, and very narrow, winding ever downward into the blackness, relieved only by huge torches burning at each turn in the endless stairs. We at length stop before a long dark passageway. The dampness has already chilled us, and the trickling sound of slow running water from some broken chink in the worn walls makes us turn our steps with caution to a cell where the famous Dantes was said to have spent twenty wretched years. We look into a miserable black hole, damp and musty and not a habitable place for man or beast. We enter with no slight misgivings and are shown the huge stone, which, when dragged back reveals a narrow tunnel through which Dantes made his heroic escape. We turn at length and cautiously retrace our steps up the winding stairs, from which crumbled bits of stone fall and are heard to echo far below in the blackness; and seem to cry out despairingly to those who would so interrupt the long slumber of these dismal spirits in their deep prison grave. Up and up we climb until we reach the outer room. Here our guide or "warden" silently turns the key of the prison door as if to lock in the poor disturbed spirits and allow them to resume their pacing and moaning as they had done centuries before. Turning, we cross the damp stone floor and are again outside the huge prison and breathing the fresh salt air.

Step by step we descend the outer stairs, now almost worn away by the huge breakers and enter our little boat, to be rowed to the mainland. The boat slowly glides over the water, leaving the gloomy old Chateau slowly fading into the fast growing darkness until it is finally swallowed by the horizon and lost to our sight. We remain silent for some time, each of us being filled with his own thoughts and with the awe of the spectacle he has just seen.

It is not until later in the evening when we gather round the fireplace in the warm, cozy hotel room that we allow ourselves to relax and exchange our feelings over hot cocoa and the prospect of a warm bed. Not one of us will ever forget the memorable visit to the Chateau; nor will one of us remember it without a feeling of horror at its cruelty.

Freckles' Lesson

PRISCILLA JAMES, 7-3

Freckles walked sadly along the street, his head drooping and his eyes, usually bright and dancing, looking very sad.

He certainly was unhappy. His family had gone somewhere (he had no idea where), and poor Freckles didn't know what to do. He just knew they'd gone a terribly long way off and never would come back. (The fact is they had all gone down the street to a neighbor's house to look at a new rug.)

Freckles had gone home for supper and had then discovered the terrible disaster. All sorts of things went through his doggy mind. After thinking of several things to do he finally resolved to run away. At first he was very ambitious and started to run. After a while, though, he got rather tired of running and he slowed down to a rapid walk. It began to get dark and cold, so Freckles decided to curl up in the park he was passing through. He found a rather sheltered place behind a bush and curled up and went to sleep.

Next morning he awoke early. It was raining and the wind was blowing the rain in all directions. It was cold, too, and Freckles was all wet. He had fallen asleep, so tired, the

night before that he had slept soundly till then. He stretched and walked forlornly away. His fur was plastered to his body and his long, curly ears were tangled and soaked. He held his tail low and it wasn't wagging as it usually was.

After he had walked along for a while, an old man came along, carrying a large black umbrella and wearing an overcoat all buttoned up around his neck. He saw poor, wretched-looking Freckles and stopped to pat his head. As he did so he noticed the name on his collar. It said: "Freckles," 95 Dover St., Weymouth, Katherine A. Burns.

The old man looked up. Weymouth was a good twelve miles from there. He took Freckles by the collar and led him to his home.

The old man, Mr. Baker, was very kind and gave Freckles a bed by the stove and a good meal. That night the Lost and Found Column said:

Lost—A Spaniel dog. White with chocolate patches. Answers to name of "Freckles." Finder please call Wey. 0432.

Mr. Baker immediately called Mr. Burns and told him he had the dog. He put the phone down to Freckles' ear, who wagged his tail and barked. A little while later a step on the stairs was heard and Freckles leaped at the door. In came Katherine and her father. You can guess the rest. You may be sure Freckles never ran away again.

Hitch-Hiking

GEORGE ORR, 12-3

In the last few years hitch-hiking has attained the heights of the national institution. Advantageous spots on the highway are crowded by prospective riders. It is possible to stand on the side of the road and by some beseeching indication obtain a ride—gratis.

When a beginner attempts to acquire transportation in this manner, it is indeed a spectacle to evoke the mirth and ridicule of one who is versed in the art of the hitch-hike. The awkward movement of the thumb for instance. Can it be that he really believes that he will be offered a ride in this blundering manner? Does he not realize there is just the right angle to cocking the thumb, from which no competent hitch-hiker deviates? Does he not know a particular bodily position must be assumed? In view of this woeful lack of preparation, I feel that it is my duty to convey the technique necessary to develop one into an accomplished member of the fraternity.

To begin with, every person is a potential hitch-hiker. It is not a difficult art to acquire; even the person who cocks his thumb wrong is not necessarily a failure if he is willing and mentally able. Let us say at present he lacks that touch of finesse that denotes the accomplished master.

When you are ready to present your petition for free transportation, the first step is to select an advantageous position on the side of the road. An air of calm insouciance should envelop you as a cloak. You should then assume a position that will contain just the right amount of psychological persuasion. When the car approaches, wiggle the thumb slightly and suggestively in the universally approved manner. Never, never put the thumb behind the ear and wave gaily. It just isn't done. Most hikers prefer to adopt the fatalistic attitude—either the car stops or it doesn't. But no, it's all in the thumb.

The first car is liable to pass you by (some cars have a nasty habit of doing this, but you'll get used to it), even the second may, and the third, and the fourth and so on ad infinitum. When forty or fifty cars have passed you by, it's time to stop tomfoolery. This means business. Now you've got to put your whole soul into the task. When the next car comes into view, and you know it is going the way of all the rest (you know it by your manly intuition), it's the time to express yourself.

Gaze at the operator, right in his eyes, summon all your feeling to the fore, send a glance that will blast him to the very roots of his soul, inexpressible pathos mirrored in reproachful eyes, a glance that will haunt him into eternity, with a voice ever preying on his subconscious mind; oh why didn't I pick him up, oh why, oh why? This usually gets them. They don't like to be haunted you see, but you've got to be good.

But if this method fails (it is not exactly infallible), you must have something in reserve to bolster your moral courage, so I suggest that you apply this method to regain elusive confidence. Ask yourself this question: Am I or am I not going to get a ride? And then answer emphatically: You bet you are! But this attitude must be adopted in a strong way. Don't let a hidden voice butt in with: Sure you are, but when? Put your hidden voice away, file it under the category, "Not Wanted." For another example try this: Am I going to walk? Then reply, "No! No! a thousand times no! I'd rather die than move a step." Don't forget, plenty of gusto in the answer.

When forty or fifty more cars have gone by

and your moral stamina is again at low ebb, try quoting excerpts from famous poems or quotations. This one is very good on occasion:

"I am the master of my fate
I am the captain of my soul."

or here is another if the first does not fulfill expectations:

"If at first you don't succeed, try, try again."

If this doesn't create the response that you expected and you haven't got a ride by this time you had better quit. You're just not built for a hitch-hiker. Try walking, it's so beneficial to the leg muscles. An all-around sport.

The Beautiful Caverns of Luray

MARION COBB, 11-5

"No one has traveled wisely who has not seen the Beautiful Caverns of Luray." One does not fully realize how true this statement is, until he has actually viewed the splendor of the caverns. The Luray Caverns are formed under a large hill in Page Valley, Virginia. This hill is about 1,200 feet above sea level and 200 feet above the surrounding valley.

Since pioneer times a small cave was known to be located in the hill. Finally, in the year 1878, Andrew Campbell and Benton Stebbins, of Luray, became convinced, after studying the structure of this cave, which was then known as "Ruffner's Cave," that a larger cave might exist under the hill.

After repeated investigations had been made, a small opening was found in the ground under some bushes where cool air came through the cracks in the rocks. This hole was made larger until one of the men could be lowered into it. Mr. Andrew Campbell was the first man to view the wondrous splendor of the caves.

In the following years, many explorations were carried on until it was discovered that the caverns covered more than three miles of underground territory. The caverns consist of many rooms, and in later years a system of lights has been installed to bring added beauty to the calcite formations.

As I made my way through the web-like pathways, I saw unbelievable beauty all about me and, at every turn, a new shape presented itself. I could not help being impressed by the grandeur of the glittering stalactites and the grotesque stalagmites which make up the caverns.

Superb, grand, fantastic, magnificent, dazzling, weird, and exquisite are some of the words which rise to the lips of the person who views, with awe, the amazing formations. The Ballroom, the Dream Lake, the Sunken City, and the Silver Sea are only a few of the many scenes that are found in the caves.

It has been said, "Let the marvels of the caves be painted on the walls of memory. You can never forget them; nor would you if you could." The visitor to the caverns will always remember his glorious trip underground. I know that I always shall.

Concerning the World's Foremost Theatre

KENNETH HENRY, 9-1

Into view rose the elevator stage, and Erno Rapee, amid a brilliant glare of light, took baton in hand. As the brilliancy dimmed, the audience of the Radio City Music Hall became strangely silent, and, as if by a magic touch, the orchestra struck a solitary melancholy note. On this the volume increased, and the theme built, and then,—the magnificent "golden contour" curtain began to rise. From that moment on I had but one secret desire, and that—to look from the stage to the audience.

As there were several information booths in Rockefeller Center, they became my first object. From one information desk to another I went, asking if there was any possibility of visiting the backstage sections of the Music Hall. I was disappointed by everyone except one encouraging man who suggested trying the Music Hall itself. Before I had passed through one door it was declared impossible. My last ray of hope by which to acquire my purpose was by letter.

Still remaining in Rockefeller Center, I went to the post office in the R. C. A. Building and wrote, to the best of my ability, a letter to the Music Hall, which, strange as it may seem, was but next door. To further my chance of admittance I enclosed a self-addressed stamped envelope.

Two weeks later, to my utmost delight, I

received an answer. The "impossible" became possible! You can imagine, I lost little time in preparing to realize a great adventure.

Several days later I was in the offices of the Music Hall. I brought the invaluable letter, which I had received, for identification. I am sure the woman who greeted me was disappointed, for the way in which I had stated my reasons for wanting to visit this motion picture palace sounded as though I were a theatrical architect. I was looked upon as a fraud, and as I felt myself shrinking under her glare, I was suddenly reassured of my victory by the letter I remembered was in my pocket. Somehow, I seemed to collect myself, and before I knew it, I was being guided through the backstage sections.

My first thrill was being able to look (from far below the stage proper) up through the orchestra pit elevator shaft. What a strange aspect! The picture screen was in sharp perspective and the pit itself was so deep that it was more like a vertical tunnel. The floor upon which I stood was partly covered with what seemed to be steel sheeting. I believe it had something to do with acoustics. Hydraulic presses, I was told, worked the orchestra platform. Above me was the three-section elevator stage which both rises and sinks.

From here the guide took me to a room in which the Music Hall generates its own electricity. We found ourselves gazing upon an immense area lined with neat rows of generators. All was immaculately clean. The electrical equipment alone was so extensive that more than one-eighth of all the room backstage seemed taken up by it.

A maze of corridors did not hinder our progress, and if Aladdin's lamp were responsible we could not have reached the stage more quickly. Enveloped in a blue mist seemed the stage. I stumbled over trailing wires as I ventured on in a dream. So penetrating was the gloom, that everything above seemed to melt into nothingness. Properties appeared to be scattered about everywhere. Many of the curtains retired from their glory at the sides of the stage. One pair in particular was outstanding. It was made of black oilcloth with the shiny side facing the audience. Many of the master effects in the Music Hall are gained by this curtain. Such darkness there was, I noticed little more about the stage itself.

In one of the wing sections was a large open wardrobe where quick costume changes were made. The other side seemed to be used as a scene dock. The scenery itself was also painted there. The scenery was so large that it was quite necessary that this be so.

My tour was so extensive that it is necessary for me merely to mention some of the other sections I visited. It was my good fortune to see the broadcasting studio from which the Sunday, and other concerts, come, the ballet practice room, the Rockette's practice room, the hospital, the preview projection room, the cafeteria, and life being carried on in all these various spots.

A fitting grand finale was my having the honor of being able to sign in a large guest-book, which I can truthfully say is the largest volume I have ever seen. It is in Roxy's former apartment which is the most beautiful suite one could possibly desire. The guest-book made a strong impression on me as there were signatures of Ricardo Cortez, and other motion picture stars. Also one saw titles such as baron, count, viscount, duke, and other rather important (at least sounding), titles.

You may be interested to know some of the facts about the foremost theater in the world. The seating capacity is six thousand two hundred, and the Grand Foyer will accommodate two thousand people. The stage is one hundred forty-four feet wide and the proscenium arch is sixty feet high. There is a three-section elevator stage with a revolving platform set in the center section, besides a rising orchestra pit in front of the proscenium arch. The "contour" curtain is driven by thirteen motors and may be made to form practically any desired size opening. Fifty seamstresses work continually and the place is nothing short of marvelous. It is an experience that will never be erased from my memory, and that I hope some day to repeat again.

The D'Oyly Carte Players

(Interviewed by RUTH CHANNELL and AGNES WALKER)

Back stage of the Colonial Theater during the intermission of Gilbert and Sullivan's "Pinafore," we shivered with tingling expectation for three slow-moving minutes. We tried chokingly to breathe a prayer—"O, Muses, grant that nothing may hinder our interview with the world-famous D'Oyly Carte Players."

A minute later our muffled prayer had been answered. Genial Mr. Rooke, the publicity manager for the company and also our pleasant host, had ushered us into the dressing room of delightful Miss Marjorie Eyre. We were then ready to experience true English hospitality—and, indeed, in the persons of Miss Eyre and of Mr. Rooke we experienced a hospitality so vibrant that it moved us to etch in our imaginations a setting of an English

baronial castle, a cheerfully sparkling log fire, a truly English host and hostess, and endless other "Sketch Book" images of Merrie English life. But back to Miss Eyre's dressing room! Other members of the cast were passing by the open door, and were humming and singing the lilting tunes of "Pinafore"; still others were laughing merrily, and exchanging English greetings with Mr. Rooke.

Miss Eyre, a petite blonde and an entrancing singer, chatted informally with us. "At one time," she confided, "I was the leading lady in the opera company, but later I changed to a soubrette because it better suited my temperament."

"You ask who makes up the personnel of the D'Oyly Carte Company? Well, almost every member of the Company is English," at this point Miss Eyre coyly smiled and proudly tossed her pretty head. She was, indeed, irresistible—"The rest of the members are native Australians. And we all just love to sing Gilbert and Sullivan airs. Almost by tradition every member of the company must work himself or herself up from the chorus to a leading part. Also what enjoyable experiences we have traveling the world over from cold countries to hot! But no matter where we go audiences are always enthusiastic. You'd like to know what I think about American audiences? I love them; only they always laugh at different parts of the operas from what audiences in all other countries laugh at. I attribute that foible to the American sense of humor. You know we haven't been in America since 1929, and are not likely to return for at least two more years. 'The Mikado' is our most popular opera not only in America, but in every other country."

During the time Miss Eyre was telling us her reactions to America, Mr. Rooke chuckled good-naturedly.

"This is my initial visit to America," he chimed in, "and I like it top notch." Then he added typically man-fashion, "But don't be deceived, however, for nothing can touch real plain hearty and well-seasoned English food. The English are a very plain folk and have very plain food. Here in America your foods are too fancy. When a fellow orders a plain sandwich, what a concoction he gets—the plain savory sandwich is lost among heaps of gooy mayonnaise and tons of curled drooping lettuce leaves. A reminder to you when you may be visiting our country someday—try our bacon! There's nothing so tasty as a piece of crisp English bacon."

Intermission was ending. The show had to go on. Our only regret was that our visit was so short, but it will always be a pleasant memory. We had the rare privilege of talking with those players who best do the Gilbert and Sullivan operas as the authors would have them done.

Telephone Monologue

LORNA KEITH, 10-4

Hello; operator? Give me the corner drug store. You haven't got it to give! Such insolence. No, I meant connect me with the corner drug store. No, I don't know what number it is; aren't you supposed to know numbers? No? Oh, pardon me I thought you were. Well, you think of a number. You can't? Didja try? You're sure you can't? Well, wait a minute and I'll think of one—there I've thought of one, guess? You can't? Sure? Well, I'll tell you, it's 3495. Do I want Center 3495? I don't know, do you think I'd like it? You'll give it to me anyway? What if I hang up, then won't you be sorry? Hello, hello! Oh hel—lo. The corner drug store? The Western Union!!! Oh, how are you? Do I want to send a telegram? No, well you don't have to hang up. I'd love to talk. Do you sell ice cream? You don't—do you like ice cream? So do I. What kind of face powder do you use? Racheal. Oh, I know they wrote a song about it, cute too. Now let me see what's the name of it—Oh, yes, I have it. "Reuben and Racheal." Want me to sing it for you? You don't. All right I won't, see if I care. What kind of face powder do you think my sister would like? You don't know my sister! She has olive hair and a blonde complexion tho' I never could see it. Her hair's yellow and olives are green, she has three lovely children, two boys, and a girl. Lovely names too, Robert, Da—You're not interested? You have to get back to work. Well, all right if you must say good-bye. Call me up again, won't you?—Bye, bye. Hello, operator, how are you? You gave me the wrong place, but I had the loveliest talk with the nicest lady. I was telling her about my sister and her three lovely children. Have I—you're not concerned about my sister. Oh! Well, you connect me with a drug store. Hello, how are you? Fine? That's nice. Do you sell razzberry ice cream? You do? That's nice, too. Do you like it? So do I. No, I don't want any I was just wondering if you sold it. Do you sell Racheal powder? You know "Reuben and Racheal." You have. Well, call the Western Union sometime and ask for a girl who uses it and maybe you can sell her some. Do you think my sister, you know the one who has the three lovely chil—Oh, you're not interested, either. Do I want anything? No, I was just wondering if you thought my sister would like any powder, but if you don't know my sister you couldn't say; and on second thought she has plenty of powder, and I've decided she wouldn't want any. Bye, bye.

Starring....Joe P. P. Penner!!!!

Interviewed by RUTH CHANNELL

The door swung open.

A deep breath. "Mr. Penner, please."

Black beetling brows came together. "Have you got an appointment?"

A sudden sinking feeling; perhaps he'd forgotten. "Why—why—he told me,—that is—I mean—he wrote me that today he'd be glad to see me."

"Well, I'll go see. Come in and sit down, anyway." Oh, how good a chair felt! If only everything would turn out all right.

"O K., lady. He's on his way down now. I'm sorry about keeping you waiting, but there's so many people trying to get in and see him that we have to be careful who we let in. Don't be nervous; he's one of the easiest persons to get an answer from that I know of. Well, good luck."

Good luck! It was awfully hot.

A thump on the stairs, a light step, and a smiling, cheery-looking face was followed by a short rotund body, peering from the door of a stage room. The questions! Where were the questions? A heartbreaking remembrance. The piece of paper fluttering down to the floor of the car, too hurried to notice it.

"Are you the young lady who is to interview me?"

"Why, yes, Mr. Penner, but I'm frightfully sorry. My questions, I——"

A sudden chuckle.

"Miss, do you know you're the first interrogator I ever met who would admit she'd come unprepared, even if she had lost her questions? For that I'll give you a short and sweet talk on the life of Joe Penner.

"I was born Joseph Pinter in Hungary, in 1904. Many people have asked me if the expression on my face comes from still being Hungary, but to tell the truth it's just the opposite. To continue, I came to the land of milk and honey when I was nine years of age. I went to school for a while, but at sixteen I was seized with an uncontrollable desire to go on the stage as a great singer. But 'Woe—ho is me'! I soon learned it was never to be. So I took a job as a stooge (it was comedian's assistant in those days), and soon found out that people seemed to enjoy laughing at me. Soon I was in vaudeville, but while quite successful, I was no howling success. In my act I used such lines as 'Do ya wanna buy a dead horse'? or 'Wanna buy a hippopottamomomonous'? and although the audience laughed, there was no extra enthusiasm when I said them. Then one night a new actor was doing his bit when he suddenly forgot his lines. I was in the wings and being very sorry for him (I did the same thing once), I stepped out on the stage, and tapped him on the shoulder, "Do you wanna buy a duck?" He had sense enough to play up to it and said "No!" In the meantime, I could see he was remembering his lines, so sighing soulfully I walked off the stage. Not

until then did I notice the roar of laughter and applause coming from the house. It didn't take me long to see I had discovered the most popular of the 'wanna buys'.

"A while after that, Rudy Vallee offered me a spot on his variety program. I accepted in

fear and trepidation, never having spoken into a 'mike' before. I'm not quite sure what happened, but the first thing I knew I had offers from three concerns for a program of my own. I know now it was the children, so I have been sure to keep my program clean, in fact, a minister writes my radio programs."

"Mr. Penner. Your act goes on in twenty minutes."

"Thanks, Jim. Let's see. Where were we? Well, anyhow to finish up, I'm married, am thirty-one years of age, and have about twenty 'Goo-Goos', I mean ducks. Now, is that enough?"

"I don't know how to thank you."

He laughed again and taking a black cigar out of his pocket, put it into his mouth and shouted, "Don't never do that!"

He shook my hand, smiled and walked away, the best, most well-known, and happiest duck-salesman in the world.

"The Yankee Doodle Boy"

Interviewed by GORDON SHIELDS

5.20.

I snapped the watch ease shut, got out of the car, walked down the alley and opened the door.

"Yes?"

"Mr. Butler, please."

"Just a minute. Heh, Bert, boy here to see you."

"Huh! Oh, he's the kid that wants to interview Cohan. It's O. K. to let him in."

I entered and was shown to a chair on the stage. Noting my nervousness, the stage door man grinned and said, "Don't worry, young fellow, he'll be out in a couple of minutes. When he comes out of there"—pointing to a door at the far end of the stage—"just go up to him and tell him who you are and what you want." He then turned away and busied himself at some switches.

For the first time I had a chance to glance around. I was sitting on a "prop" chair on the left side of a stage depicting an American home. It was the last scene from the play George Cohan was starring in—"Ah Wilderness." I seemed to be out of place there among all that make believe. There was an air of unreality about it all, as if I had entered into a different world, peopled by human beings of the kind that I met every day and yet in some subtle sense, different. It seemed—

"Well, son, what can I do for you?"

I looked up, surprised and uncomprehending, into a pair of twinkling blue eyes set in the kindliest face I had ever seen.

"I'm waiting to interview Mr. Co——"

I stopped and looked more closely. Good Lord, this must be Mr. Cohan!

"Are you Mr. Cohan?" I asked a bit foolishly.

"That's right, young man, and you can start interviewing me right now if you're ready."

"Why, uh, sure. I've got a few questions here I'd like you to answer if you please."

"Go right ahead."

I took a deep breath and began.

"How many years have you been on the stage?"

"About forty-five."

"How did you happen to pick the stage as your career?"

"I was born on the stage, son."

"What was the name of the first song you composed?"

"It was a little ditty called 'Venus'."

"And the first play you ever acted in?"

"Well, it really wasn't a play, it was more of a vaudeville act called 'Four of a Kind'. That's what we four Cohans were known as, then."

"In all your years on the stage, what play did you enjoy acting in most?"

"'Song and Dance Man'."

"Of all the songs you composed, which tune do you think made you the most popular?"

"'Over There'."

"Which do you prefer, the radio or the stage?"

"The stage," he answered instantly. "As a treat I took up radio, but I feel more at home on the stage."

"Mr. Cohan, a lot of folks still know you as the 'Yankee Doodle Boy.' Where did you get the inspiration for that song?"

He laughed and said, "From a hotel carpet."

I looked up and laughed too. I just couldn't help it; his laughter was so contagious. Then I continued with my questions.

"Have you any hobby?"

"Well, I go for a walk every time I get a chance, if that's what you mean."

"Do you think the young people of today appreciate the theater?"

He looked a bit surprised then answered slowly, "Yes, interest in plays is coming back, particularly among the young people."

"Is it true that when you finish your present run here, you intend to take the entire 'Ah Wilderness' east to North Brookfield and give a performance there?"

"Absolutely. Although I was born in Providence, Rhode Island, I spent most of my childhood in North Brookfield. I can remember saying one day that if I was ever successful on the stage, someday I would come back like the

prodigal son and show 'em. Well, son, I'm sorry, but that's all the questions I can answer now."

He smiled at me and was gone. I turned somewhat dazed to the doorman who had come up behind me and said, "Gee, what a swell fellah."

"Yes sir," he answered, "they don't come any better than George Cohan."

"Yes sir," I agreed, "there's only one George M. Cohan and they certainly don't come any better."

Thank You, Larry!

ELISABETH OGILVIE, P. G.

How did I get to know Kevin Faraday? Well, it's a long story and one that you probably won't believe, but I'll swear on a stack of Bibles that it actually happened. I was just seventeen when I met Kevin, and the friendship we began was a lasting one, as we are very good friends today, you can see for yourself.

It was all on account of a highly romantic episode in which I participated, willy-nilly. Larry Hazen, a fisherman in the village at Brigport, was the promoter of the affair.

Larry and I were good friends. He was slim and dark, with a witty tongue. His wife was tough, and his children were little terrors, but they were a happy family. It was rumored around in our crowd that Larry had been, at one time, a rum-runner. It was also said that he had acquired his limp when shot by revenuers. A great many other stories, all very colorful, were told about him, and all in all he seemed to be surrounded by an aura of mystery and romance, at least as far as I was concerned.

So while I joked and argued with Larry, I dreamed and imagined about him until he accused me of wool-gathering. It was on an August morning that at last I got up enough courage to inquire, timidly, if everything I had heard about him was true. I came along and found Larry among his nets on the stone stoop of the old store. He was whistling to himself as he worked, so I knew he was in a good mood. I dropped down beside him and watched his fingers, and passed the time of day with him.

After a lot of beating around the bush I said: "Larry, did you used to be a rum-runner?" Then I quaked. It was rather an awful thing to say.

Larry didn't look at me, but when I looked at him I saw the corner of his mouth was tucked up as if he were amused. For a moment I wondered if it had all been lies. Then he said quite casually: "Now who could have told you that, Sister?" He always called me Sister, and it made me feel as if I were about six years old.

"Well," I said vaguely, "some of the kids."

He went on working and smiling, "Well, now, I wouldn't say it wasn't true," he began.

I was actually overjoyed. "Tell me about it," I begged.

"No," said Larry modestly. "Your mother wouldn't like it."

"I'm not my mother," I said.

"But you're her daughter," answered Larry, and that ended the conversation, which could hardly be called a coherent one. At that minute one of my admirers, an angelic child of sixteen, sauntered by and looked at me longingly, so I bid Larry a fond farewell.

"What do you see in him?" inquired the lad a trifle petulantly.

"You wouldn't understand," I replied with supreme indifference.

* * *

Not until two weeks later were rum-runners mentioned. The next time occurred on one afternoon. I was sitting on the fence outside the store with some of the gang, namely my brother Ronnie who was pretending he didn't know me, and Raoul Trudeau. Larry Hazen came along, and grinned at all of us with that grin that makes him seem more like a schoolboy than an ex-racketeer. Then he said to me. "Come along to the wharf, Sister, I want to show you something."

Ronnie said in a tired voice, "What is there between you two?" But I am used to Ronnie, and never pay any attention to him. I hopped down and tucked my arm in Larry's, and we went down to the wharf.

"Now, my dear," said Larry in the paternal tone he reserves for special occasions, "I am about to incur your mother's wrath. But you asked for it, so don't blame me if there are any complications."

The old brain was taxed for a minute to get his meaning. I must have looked dense, because Larry said directly, "No questions, please."

By that time we were on the wharf, and the first thing I saw was a strange boat lying at the mouth of the harbor. At first sight she was a rackety, dingy thing, but the longer I looked the better I liked her. She had long rakish lines and was low in the water.

"Is that what you wanted to show me, Larry?" I said.

"You bet," said Larry. "She belongs to friends of mine. I'm going to take you aboard —if you want."

Anybody could see she was no ordinary craft. She was built for speed. I began to see the light. Pirates, rum-runners, Larry Hazen, friends of his. My heart began to beat faster,

but suddenly the eternal feminine in me came to the fore. I could not meet anyone, dressed as I was in sailcloth slacks and sweater.

But Larry is one of those people who brushes all objections aside. "Now or never," he said, and hustled me into the double-ender tied to the lobster car. I fairly palpitated with excitement all the way out to the strange boat. And Larry wouldn't tell me anything, just grinned one-sidedly when I would beg: "Please, Larry—"

But at last we bumped gently against the port side of the big cabin cruiser, and Larry yelled to no one in particular: "Ahoy there!"

A man leaned over the rail and looked at us, or rather beamed at us from a round chubby face. He looked like an oldish baby in need of a shave.

"Hi, Charley!" said Larry noisily. "Brought you a visitor, ol' sock!"

Charley removed his pipe and smiled upon me like an overgrown cherub. "Dee-lighted, dee-lighted!" he bellowed in a voice that was much out of keeping with his appearance, being very deep and stentorian. He hauled me aboard and Larry followed.

"Now you just explore by yourself," Charley boomed at me, patting my shoulder benevolently. "Larry and me are goin' to talk a spell." That was a hint, pure and simple—mostly simple—so I wandered aft, and saw nothing but an ordinary cockpit. There was an open hatch but I thought it would be too snoopy of me to explore below, so I ambled forward in search of a rum-runner who would be more true to type than Charley. In front of the chart house I tripped over something with red hair that said in distinctly disagreeable tones:

"Blankety blank blank blank why in blank don't you look where you're going blankety blank." Only he didn't say exactly "Blankety blank," but if you have a good imagination you can figure that out for yourself.

I sat back on my heels and stared at him. "Say it again, I didn't get you," I said, with no malice aforethought.

The Redhead, a tanned and wiry person wearing dingy flannels and a yachting cap, was reclining against the chart house and seemed to be rather put out at my appearance. He squinted at me, then said: "A woman!" in a very dramatic voice.

"Thanks," I said.

Red stopped squinting and stared, rudely. "What in blank," he inquired with cold insolence, "are you doing here?"

"Larry Hazen brought me," I said, giving him stare for stare. We must have looked like a couple of cats on the backyard fence.

"Oh, he did!" said my friend nastily. "Well, fly away home, kiddie, Mama wants you!"

"That's what YOU think!" I remarked, and departed. It was too bad he was so sour—he was not a bad-looking youth, having very blue eyes and a nice nose, but I knew where I was not wanted.

I drifted into the chart house. Larry and Charley were talking and smoking, but they hushed up when I came in. "Why don't you go for'ard and talk to Red?" suggested Charley with his perennial grin.

"Oh, I've talked to him," I said. "He told me to scram, so I scrammed." Charley and Larry roared, so I went aft and found me a sunny place to lie down in. I thought about lots of things for a while, then the gentle motion of the boat as the breeze swung her around made me go to sleep, I guess. I dreamed that the Redhead and I were having a fist fight in front of the chart house, with the briny deep yawning on all sides, and the cruiser ripping along at an unholy speed. Just as the Redhead was about to kayo me, as they say in the prize ring, I woke up.

The first thing I noticed was a deep, rhythmic throbbing that came from somewhere below. It sounded like an engine. I lay there a while and listened to it, or rather felt it through the deck, and wondered dopily what it could be. But it wasn't long before the truth penetrated my befogged brain. We were moving, and not so slowly, either! I said my own private cuss word and scrambled up. With my own eyes I beheld the Nor-east point of the fair isle of

Brigport. We must have passed it about ten minutes ago.

I tore frantically into the chart house. Charley, pipe in mouth, was at the wheel. He stared at me with his eyes and mouth like O's. Then he smiled radiantly. "Well now," he roared, "it must have been you that Larry forgot!"

I was so furious that if anyone had dropped any water on me it would have sizzled. All I could manage was a vapid "Huh?"

Charley elucidated. "Larry got into his double-ender to go back, and he says to me, he says: 'Charley, I got a feeling I forgot something.' And I says to him, 'Larry, to my knowledge you ain't forgot nothin'.' So he went ashore. So it must'a been you."

"It must have been," I agreed weakly. Charley returned to his compass, and left me standing there. The cruiser continued in a nor-easterly direction. "Well," I said after some time, "aren't you going to take me back?"

Charley looked surprised. "Gosh no," he said. "We got a schedule to keep to. We'll drop you off some place where we stop, but we can't turn around now." He didn't seem to want to talk any more, so I left the chart house and leaned on the rail to think. Drop me off some place! The islands in that part of the Atlantic are so few and far between that I would be totally lost on any of them except Brigport and its twin Racketash. And we were far beyond either of them now. Or maybe Charley intended to drop me overboard so I could swim home. Mingled with these incoherent thoughts were epithets applicable to one Larry Hazen, ex-rum-runner.

Another idea struck me—ideas were coming in full force. A schedule, Charley said. That meant a consignment of smuggled goods or liquor to deliver. How delightful! For the first time in my young life I was a party to a crime, and I didn't know whether the prospect appealed to me or not. Well, I thought philosophically, it will be something to tell about when I get home—IF I get home.

I went aft again, and saw once more the open hatch. So I went down it. I had to amuse myself somehow. Maybe I could find out where they kept the liquor, or whatever it was they smuggled. The hatch led to a cabin with narrow bunks along the sides and a folding table. There were lockers under the bunks, but nothing else. There was also a small door beyond and I tried it, but it was locked.

I sat down on a bunk and considered my plight, as they say in books. The cabin was lighted by portholes, so I stood on the bunk and looked out. There was not a speck of land in sight, only open sea. What an adventure! I sat down again.

The Redhead bounced down the hatch, and I prepared myself for the fray. He pushed back his yachting cap and scowled at me.

"A stowaway, huh?" he said wiltingly.

"Stowaway my eye," I replied rudely. "I was shanghaied, that's what."

"That's YOUR story," he said. He went in the galley and began to rattle things around. "We eat in shifts when we're in a hurry," he said over his shoulder. "You and I, then I take the wheel and Charley eats."

I couldn't think of a come-back, so I said: "Then poor Charley has to eat alone."

"Well, you can eat with him, if you want," said the Redhead.

"I'll stay with you," I told him. "I'm not particular."

He was coming out to put some things on the folding table and when I said that, he half-grinned. Then he said, "You know all the answers, don't you?"

I said, "I ought to, I wrote the book."

We had hamburger and fried potatoes and canned corn for dinner, finishing off with canned peaches and some really good coffee. I forgot my predicament long enough to eat a good part of what the Redhead put on the table.

"You eat like a blank blank gannet," he remarked once in a disinterested voice. Only he didn't say "blank."

I thought it best to ignore that, so I said, "Where are we going?" He didn't look up and that gave me a chance to notice that his hair was wavy.

"We're going up the coast a bit," he said vaguely. "The fewer questions you ask the better it'll be for you."

"Oh," I said, feeling squelched. There was something squelching about him.

After a few minutes of awkward silence, he told me, very coldly, to go up and tell Charley to come down, and to hold the wheel until he came up. So I did, and when I told Charley, he said, rather anxiously I thought: "How are you and Red getting along?"

"Oh, swell," I told him. "Just a couple of lovebirds."

He twinkled at me like a pleased child and went out of the chart house. I rather enjoyed having the wheel to myself. The cruiser was tearing along at a good rate, the water piling back from the bow; even though it was sunny and warm it was rather choppy, especially as far out as we were. Cabin cruisers were new to me. I was used to open fishing boats, and this cruiser had more gadgets than you could count and was absolutely fascinating. I went exploring—still hanging onto the wheel—and found the accelerator, or whatever you call it on a boat. In about a second I had us going at a devilish speed, that scared me. The engines

simply roared and spray battered at the glass. But I liked it, for all my fright, and was just beginning to enjoy myself hugely. Then I looked up and discovered the Redhead standing in the doorway with a look of cold white rage on his otherwise rather nice face. When I looked at him in all innocence he made a flying leap at me and knocked me clear across the chart house.

"What in blank do you think you're doing?" he yelled, and slowed her down. I guess I had her a little off her course, too, because he cursed under his breath when he looked at the compass and charts. I could feel myself getting hot. I never did stand for being treated like a common deckhand.

"You don't have to be so profane," I said caustically, though I didn't feel caustic. After all, a girl gets kind of tired of being cursed all the time, and I have feelings that can be hurt, just like any other person. So I said as steadily as I could: "If I got off the course, I'm sorry, but Charley didn't tell me anything about what I should do. And you don't have to swear at me so much. I didn't ask to go with you. Lord knows, I don't want to get tied up with a bunch of rum-runners." I was as dignified as anyone can be who's just ready to burst into tears. Then I stalked out, and the Redhead yelled after me, "Hey, wait a minute!" But I kept right on going.

I went for'ard and flattened out on my stomach, watching the combers that we went into. That's my favorite sport. Everytime we hit one I slid a little towards the edge. It was very exciting. When Charley came up to take the wheel he yelled at me to hang on, but I didn't see any more of the Redhead till later.

"Later" was when the squall blew up. I could see that it was getting darker, but I did not think anything of it. The breeze turned cold all of a sudden, and the water changed from blue to gray, and we rolled some. When I began to slide too much I thought I'd go aft to the cockpit, but just as I started the cruiser pitched suddenly to starboard and for a minute I had a feeling that Charley and the Redhead were going to be minus their passenger. I wondered if the Redhead would regret his unpleasantness towards me, in the event that I found a watery grave. Then I flattened down again and hoped it wouldn't be long now. It wasn't. The rains descended and I was rapidly soaked to the skin.

It was an awfully long squall. The rain pounded down on me, and the wind tore at me. I was cold, scared, and utterly miserable. I shut my eyes and cringed, until somebody grabbed my ankle and I let out a howl. The next thing I knew the Redhead was beside me, shouting through the wind. I caught something he said, and it wasn't complimentary, but I gathered that he wanted me to go aft, and why didn't I, silly little fool, so I said just as violently, did he think I was out there because I enjoyed it and stop calling me names you big bully.

So there we were side by side in the bow, being pelted by rain and half-drowned by every comber we smashed into—and everytime I looked away from the Redhead I saw the rolling deep rolling nearer. Finally the Redhead shouted: "Come on, come on!"

We got into the cockpit safely. I don't know how. We hung on to each other and crawled along those beautifully slippery decks, and slid half-off a dozen times. After we had caught our breath the Redhead pushed me towards the hatch.

"Down you go," he said, but I balked. I didn't want to go below. The Redhead, behind me, gave me a gentle shove so I had to go down a couple of steps, and when I looked around he was right behind me. "Go on," he snarled—"snarled" is the only word to describe it.

"No," I said, and at precisely that moment the cruiser gave a sort of leap and so did I—only mine wasn't voluntary. I lost my balance and took a nosedive into the middle of the cabin. The floor rose up and hit me in the face, and that's the last thing I remembered.

* * *

The next thing I knew, someone was prying my mouth open and pouring in something that tasted like liquid fire. I guess it was brandy, but at that minute I didn't care what it was. I just wanted to get rid of it. So I clamped my mouth shut and pushed the glass away. Then I realized that someone was holding my head up, and that my cheek was rubbing against his jacket, so I opened my eyes to investigate. It was the arch-enemy, of all people. He was looking very worried, and was actually pale. I grinned at him and he looked relieved.

"How do you feel?" he asked anxiously. Such solicitude surpassed my wildest hopes. To have HIM concerned over me.

"I don't know," I said, wondering myself.

"Well, sit up and see," he suggested. I did so, though I didn't like to move. I was slightly dizzy, and had a faint headache, but beyond that I felt fine. I assured him that the injury was not serious and he drew a long breath.

"Thank God," he said piously. "You were out almost ten minutes, and I was afraid we were going to have a fractured skull on our hands. You've been enough trouble already, kid."

He got up from his knees and gave me a hand up. "You'd better lie down on a bunk," he added. "You'll find some dry clothes in one

of the lockers. And don't let me see you on deck again."

That was one time when I didn't have any answer. It was somewhat of a shock to discover he hadn't been worried over me but over how much trouble I'd been. I sat down on a bunk and watched him go up on deck. Then he battened down the hatch and I was all alone, far from home, drenched to the skin, with a wobbly feeling in the legs and a headache, while a tempest raged outside. Moreover I was at the doubtful mercy of rum-runners, and Heaven only knew how I would ever get home again. I didn't change my clothes. I wept bitterly into a pillow.

In the middle of my own little private storm, someone came down the hatch. It was Charley. He patted my shoulder and said: "Are you seasick, kid?"

"No," I said indignantly. "I have never been sea-sick in my life. That Redhead pushed me down the hatch." I gulped over uttering such a lie, but I was so darned mad that I had to say something to blow off steam.

Charley made a clucking sound with his tongue, and said soothingly: "That wasn't at all nice of him, was it? Well, suppose you change your clothes and take a little nap. You'll feel better then." He went out and I wearily opened some lockers, looking for the one with the clothes in. I found it at last. Clean dungarees and blue workshirts, as well as white shirts and white flannels. I would have explored some more but I was too woozy. I put on a pair of dungarees and a blue shirt and went to sleep.

I was rudely awakened by someone shaking my shoulder and a voice shattered my dreams. "What in blank do you mean by telling Charley I pushed you down the blank blank hatch?"

I glared at the Redhead dopily but sincerely. "Well, you did, didn't you?" I asked with a yawn.

"You know blank well I didn't! Take my clothes and then tell a yarn like that about me!" He WAS mad.

I was so tired that it was like lifting a heavy burden to answer. I didn't feel like being funny or fresh. I yawned again, and then said: "I don't know why I said it. I'm sorry."

He looked at me for about a minute. It was the longest minute I ever knew. Then he said abruptly: "How old are you? Fourteen?"

"Seventeen going on eighteen," I told him. I suppose I did look younger than that, sitting there with my legs under me and wearing the clothes that were too big for me.

"As old as that," he said as if he were talking to himself. Then he straightened up and started for the hatch. "We'll put in at Eastport in about an hour. Know anyone there?" He was very brisk and impersonal. I thought hard, yawning all the time. Gradually the cobwebs in my brain were pushed aside by the memory that Raoul Trudeau's married sister lived in Eastport, so I said "Yes," and went back to sleep.

I dreamed some more after that. It was a sort of sequel to the other dream, if dreams have sequels. In the first one I was having a fight with the Redhead; in the second one I was about to go to a watery grave (and was I scared!). Someone was holding me by the wrists and that was all that was keeping me from the briny deep. It was a terrific moment. I looked up and discovered that my rescuer had red hair! Imagine my embarrassment, to discover that after we had thrown figurative brickbats at each other during the longest day I ever lived through, we had become suddenly the best friends in the world. When at last he hauled me to the deck I thought it was time to wake up, so I did.

We were in still waters when I awoke. I lay still for a while, wondering if we were already at Eastport. Then I decided, with my usual perspicacity, that the only way to find out was to go on deck. I staggered to the hatch and climbed up.

It was dark, and overhead there were stars. I stood there for a minute, looking around. Land loomed to port and lights twinkled all along the shore. So we were there at last, anchored in the harbor. Suddenly I felt like a sawdust doll that has been dropped in a pail of water. How in the name of all things good and holy was I to get to Brigport from Eastport? A six hours' trip in a cruiser built for speed—I was furious.

I went into the chart house with murder in my heart. The Redhead was there reading a book and smoking. The book, I noticed, was "The Unforgotten Prisoner," and it struck me as symbolic.

"Hy, Jack Dalton," I said as nastily as I could.

He looked up at me with elaborate surprise. "Oh, hello," he said. "Hungry?"

"No!" I snapped. "I want to know how I'm supposed to get home from here."

He stood up and stretched. "Well, now," he began. Then he smiled. One corner of his mouth went up, and his eyes crinkled. If I hadn't been so mad I would have smiled back—it was that kind of smile. "Why, you poor little waif," he said in a sort of sympathetic way that made me feel like bursting into tears. "You poor little waif, you've been taking everything to heart, haven't you?"

"What are you talking about?" I demanded glaringly.

"We're going back to Brigport tonight," he said in a pitying voice. "So rest assured, little coughdrop, all will be well."

I felt as if a bomb had exploded at close quarters—you know, sort of dazed and wondering. I put a hand to my head and looked at the Redhead vacantly. "What's it all about?" I managed weakly.

"You have been deceived," he said, "by my pious friend and drunken companion, Larry Hazen—the rat. And since you seem to be a thoroughly unpleasant child I let you stay deceived. Maybe it will be a lesson to you." All this with the kind of smile the teacher used to wear when she let you come out of the corner and said she knew you were going to be good after this. I felt like mutilating the smile, but I sat down instead and said:

"Maybe I could understand better if I had something to eat first."

"That's an idea," said the Redhead. "You seem to have a hangover." So he went below, and he made coffee, and opened a can of corned beef hash. I certainly made inroads into that hash. It tasted better than all the Christmas turkey and fixings in the world. The Redhead gave me ample time to improve my disposition. Then, over coffee cups, he said:

"Charley's gone ashore to call up Brigport and let them know we're coming. He's going to pick up my sister and bring her aboard here."

I began to see a light. "Hey!" I exploded. "Are you a rum-runner or what?"

"My child," said the Redhead, "I am my father's invaluable secretary whenever he's in these parts. He is now in Europe and refused to take me because he said he wanted to enjoy himself and not have to bail me out of foreign jails where my youthful exuberance and love of adventure are liable to lead me. So Charley—I found him on the Boston waterfront—Charley and I took the 'Molly II' and went to South America where we had one glorious time seeing life. When my father finds out he'll disinherit me, but I buttered my bread and now I have to lie in it."

I must have looked thunderstruck. I couldn't think for a minute. Then I stuttered: "It was all a j-j-joke? Larry f-f-fooled m-me?"

He nodded. "It was a rather dirty trick, after all. I don't blame you for being upset."

Before I had a chance to say anything there was a sound of people on deck, and the next minute a girl came down the hatch, a girl with red hair who flung her arms around the Redhead and kissed him. Then Charley appeared and beamed at us all. The Redhead disentangled himself and said:

"This is my sister Molly; Molly, this is—this is—what is your name?"

I gulped and said, "Jean," and didn't have the sense to say, "What's yours?"

Molly, who was pretty and sort of Hepburnish, said: "Neither of you kids has to explain. Charley told me everything. Are we going down to Brigport tonight?"

"Starting now," said the Redhead, and made a dash for the hatch. Molly followed him.

"Charley," I said. "Are you a friend of mine?"

"For life," said Charley piously. "What do you want to know?"

"What did you mean when you said you had to follow a schedule?" I fixed him with my eagle eye and awaited an answer. Radiance flowed from his face. (Or was it perspiration?)

"Just that Miss Molly was expecting us at eight tonight," he said mildly.

Then Molly herself poked her head down at us. "My brother wants some sweetness and light up at the wheel," she called, "and I don't fill the bill."

Charley looked at me. "I guess that means you," he remarked coyly. Never did he look so much like Cupid as at that moment.

"Y'darn tootin'," chortled Molly, "and hurry, before he runs us on a reef."

There was just one light on in the chart house and that was over the instrument board. The Redhead said, "Hello," when I came in, but nothing else.

I stayed in a dark corner for the rest of the trip. There was an acute silence—one of those silences that are louder than noise. I thought over everything that had happened and thought about everything that might happen, and what I was going to say to Larry Hazen when next I beheld his smirking countenance. Or WAS I going to say anything to him? Looking at the Redhead, whose head and shoulders were faintly outlined with light against the glass, I was undecided.

Maybe I dozed a little, because suddenly I saw the little lights of Brigport around the harbor, with the Eastern Harbor Point to port and Gray's Headland to starboard, and I knew we were home.

I stood up and went to stand by the wheel. The Redhead spoke so suddenly it made me jump.

"I'll wager," he said conversationally, "that with your face washed and your hair combed, and your own clothes on, you wouldn't be a bad-looking kid."

"I'm considered very pretty at times," I replied coldly.

"But I like you the way you are," said the Redhead. I knew, too, by the way he spoke that he meant it. And there was something else in his tone that made up my mind for me, concerning Larry Hazen. He was STILL my friend.

* * *

What did you say? Of course the Redhead's name was Kevin Faraday! What did you think it was?

How the Pekinese got its Nose

ARLENE GAFFEY, 7-3

Chin-Chin was a light brown Pekinese puppy, who lived with his mother and brothers and sisters in a small town in Nanking, China (right on the Yangtse river). Unlike other puppies, Chin-Chin was rather dissatisfied with his present home. He wanted to get out and see the world for himself.

Now Chin-Chin had a great uncle who sat on the throne beside the emperor of China, who Chin-Chin thought was a real "blue-blood." This made him all the more determined to see the world. Perhaps he might sometime have the honor of sitting on the emperor's throne.

So on one very warm June night this determined pup stole silently and quickly away from his Nanking home. He continued on his long, tiresome journey till dawn and found that he had reached the public square. He suddenly grew very hungry, for he hadn't eaten a mite since the preceding day. And when he found that it was impossible to secure anything he rather longed for his home with his kind mother and brothers and sisters.

He tried to find the way back but was unable to do so. After he had gone around the square in seven circles he grew very tired. It happened that just as he was turning a blind corner, the emperor's chariot came clashing down the street and the cruel speeding wheels ran right over poor little Chin-Chin's nose. He cried out in pain very pitifully. A kind little girl witnessed the accident, ran across the square, picked up the now sobbing Chin-Chin, and took him to her home.

And lo and behold! When Chin-Chin regained consciousness, he found that he was right on the kitchen floor in his Nanking home, and the kind little girl bending over him was his own loved mistress, Mary. Although Chin-Chin was safe again at home, his poor little nose could never be replaced.

And from that day forward, the Pekinese dogs have had short stubby human-like noses.

Cruise of the Tecumseh

(*Continued from Page 6*)

dived in after Jackie and the three chums sported in the cool water for about half an hour.

After their dip the boys were busy performing various duties: Cliff, bringing the log-up-to-date; Stan, running the motor for half an hour to charge the batteries; and Jackie, cooking supper. He did a creditable job with the aid of the "Galley Guide," a book for novices, except for burning a pan of biscuits. After supper Stan washed the dishes which were dried by Cliff and Jackie.

At six o'clock, the boys went ashore in the dinghy which had been lashed to the roof of the cabin. They landed at the Plymouth Yacht Club. "You fellows are from the Quincy yacht out there, aren't you?" inquired a gentleman, who appeared to be the Commodore, as the boys came upon the veranda from the floats.

"That's right, sir," answered Cliff.

"Going to be here long, boys?" asked the Commodore.

"Just for tonight," responded Stan, "we're on a cruise. We head for Gloucester tomorrow, then home."

"Darn nice boat! What're you going to do tonight? There's a good show up at the Old Colony Theatre."

"We were planning to take it in," answered Jackie, "after looking around a bit."

Leaving the yacht club the boys strolled around the town, seeing Plymouth Rock and the statue of Massasoit, and passing through Plymouth Park.

Returning to the yacht club they were hailed by a member of the club, "Say, boys, you going out to your boat?"

"Yeah," answered Jackie.

"Well, will you take Mr. Jenkins here," nodding towards a neatly dressed, prosperous-looking gentleman at his side, "out to his yacht, the 'Tod'?"

"Sure thing," responded Cliff. As they rowed out Mr. Jenkins explained that his crew didn't expect him until tomorrow. "Boy, that's a swell yacht you've got there, Mr. Jenkins," exclaimed Jackie, "a house boat, isn't it?"

"Yes, would you boys like to come aboard and look her over?"

"Gee, thanks!" the trio responded almost simultaneously.

The "Tod" was a beautiful yacht one hundred ten feet long. She was wonderfully equipped with beds, not berths, and all the other conveniences found in a well equipped home on land. Tile baths, mahogany furniture, everything, conceivable or inconceivable!

Back on board the "Tecumseh" Cliff called

his father on the short wave radio set, working duplex. Cliff had promised to call him at eleven-thirty and it was then eleven-forty, but he just managed to contact his father who was on the verge of giving up listening for him.

Next morning the breakfast of orange juice, ham and eggs was prepared by Stan. About eight o'clock they raised anchor and proceeded up the harbor under auxiliary power. Reaching the month of the harbor, with a strong southeast wind blowing, they set the course at ten, heading for Gloucester. An hour later a heavy fog set in. The man at the wheel was obliged to sound the horn every minute. As they proceeded they heard a blast of from four to six seconds every minute, indicating a steam vessel was nearby. The "Tecumseh" was luffed until the boys saw her riding lights appear and disappear. They then filled away and proceeded on their course. Suddenly they heard the fog horn of a sailing vessel on her port tack (two blasts in sueeession). She loomed up out of the fog and barely missed ramming the "Tecumseh." She was a Gloucester fisherman, probably on her way home from the Banks. When they had proceeded but a short distance, Stan shouted, "Look, a man in the water, clinging to some flotsam!"

"O gosh yeah," answered Jackie who was at the wheel, "I'll bring her alongside, and you toss him a rope, Stan!"

This maneuver was carried out and the man, barely able to fasten the rope around his body, was drawn aboard the "Tecumseh." As Cliff and Stan carried him below, Cliff said, "Put him in the forecastle where he won't be disturbed with our passing in and out." The boys wrapped the man in warm blankets with a hot water bottle and, while Stan prepared some hot black coffee, Cliff applied an ammonia inhalant. When the man regained consciousness, because of the stimulation of the ammonia, Cliff asked him his name and why he happened to be in the water. It seems that he was Joseph Stanson of the "Maria," a Gloucester fisherman, and he had fallen overboard.

By the time the "Tecumseh" reached Gloucester the man was able to go ashore with the boys when they went for supplies. Thanking them profusely for saving his life, Stanson left the boys at the Gloucester Yacht Club. After obtaining supplies, the boys proceeded to the wharf at which the famous schooner "Bluenose" was docked. The boys looked the beautiful schooner all over from the wharf and then went back to the "Tecumseh." After the supper of steak, potatoes, onions, carrots, peas and gelatine, cooked by Cliff, the boys read and listened to the radio until eight-thirty when Cliff called his father on the short wave as arranged in their conversation of the evening before. The boys then turned in and slept the sleep of the weary.

The next morning at seven the boys arose and had their breakfast of orange juice, Pep and French toast prepared by Stan. They got underway around nine o'clock, proceeding up the harbor under engine power. Once outside the harbor they hoisted the sails and proceeded under this power.

A strong southeast wind was blowing and the "Tecumseh" sped along towards Long Island with a "bone in her teeth." Not far from Gloucester, Jackie cried, "Look at the 'Bluenose' coming up behind us! Gee, she sure looks swell!"

"You bet!" responded Cliff. As she passed, the "Bluenose" saluted the "Tecumseh" with a blast of her fog horn and the boys proudly answered her salute on their little horn. The trip was short and fast; well enjoyed by the three boys. The sun was shining brightly and a stiff breeze was blowing.

The "Tecumseh" proceeded through Nubble Channel and shortly they picked up her mooring. The sails were lowered and furled and the wandering sailors were home from the sea, after a cruise of three days.

"I feel rather glad to be home after all our fun," mused Cliff.

"Likewise," replied Stan, "'Home, Sweet Home'."

The Fate of the Dolphin

WILLIAM CONCHI, 8-6

Hidden along the coast of Panama, at the time of the seventeenth century, lay numerous inlets inhabited by bloodthirsty, swarthy seamen.

The land along the shore line lay barren and waste, stretching for endless miles as far as the eye could see. The desolate spot was only slightly relieved by a few clumps of bushes scattered here and there, over a small portion of the area. The clean sand contained fine particles of colored stones which glittered as they caught the reflection of the sun.

The merchant vessels, on their voyages, purposely avoided the seemingly innocent strip of land for countless reasons. One of the many was, that there lay hidden behind the shore line, in a gloomy forest, a nest of the most dangerous, barbaric pirates to be found in

Panama. These buccaneers plundered the unfortunate merchant vessels as they plied on their unerring paths to the New World.

Such was the fate that befell the "Dolphin." The vessel had been caught in a severe storm, but now as the mighty sea had calmed and slapped upon the sides of the ship, she was compelled to slip noiselessly upon the sandy shore of the cove, for the rudder had been damaged and further travel was impossible until it had been repaired.

The vessel, besides accommodating the Spanish Captain and the crew, carried the small son of the captain. This was his first big trip to the New World beyond the ocean of which he had heard many colorful, glowing tales. The "Dolphin's" cargo consisted of valuable silk being carried to the rich inhabitants of New Orleans.

Toward nightfall the unsuspecting crew prepared for a night's rest to be able to meet the inevitable hard labor of the next day. There appeared great, sinister shadows toward the stern of the ship. Silent as panthers, smaller shadows nimbly ascended the wooden sides of the ship, and not until they had planted themselves in various corners of the ship were the leader and crew aware of the lurking danger surrounding them. Quickly they rushed for their pistols and swords in preparation for defending themselves, but it was too late. The plunderers rushed upon the defenseless men, and slaughtered them right and left, including the captain. Just a moment before, he had thrust his son into a small cranny of the galley, and had appeared again to meet his death at the hands of a group of bloodthirsty pirates. It was not long before the crew of the "Dolphin" had been slain and heaved overboard. They had put up a strong fight, but the surprise of the attack and the odds were against them.

After ransacking the whole vessel and laying hands upon anything which seemed valuable, they divided the booty under the careful observation of Alverez, the pirate leader, whose eyes were ever watchful for cheating of any kind. Any member of the crew would be only too thankful to receive a trifle more than his share.

Suddenly from the galley came a loud wail, and a sobbing youngster appeared. Standing on the bloodstained deck, he was a pitiful figure. Slowly shuffling up to the amazed men, he flung a golden object to the once speckless deck. As Alverez snatched it up in his greedy fingers, he inquired of the boy, who he was. He had to be satisfied with only, "I am the captain's son."

The men became restless and gazed questioningly at the leader, Alverez. He flung up a hand for silence and gazed at the calm sea, while he tried to collect the thoughts roving in his mind. Just as surprising as the preceding incident, so was his answer, "We'll keep him."

As the time passed and the boy grew up into young manhood, he acquired a gift for song. It was no longer a strange event to come upon the young man singing rough, burly sea songs to the crew, for these were the only songs of which the hardened men had any knowledge, and which they in turn taught him. At times when the pirates became over jovial from drinking too much rum, they tossed coins of all sizes to their entertainer. These he kept and it was not long before he had hoarded a surprising amount.

As for Alverez, his moods often changed. His nature depended upon the weather, or the booty he secured from plundered ships. When his good nature came to the top, he gave the boy the best education he had in his power to give. This the boy welcomed as a refreshment from dreary years spent on board the vessel. There came a time when the ship's crew were too preoccupied to pay much attention to him, and during this time he spent his time trying to analyze himself.

When his nineteenth year rolled by, he noticed that the captain had become moody and spent many long hours in solitude, so it did not come as a great surprise to him, when one day Alverez summoned him to the cabin for privacy. He obviously had a weighty matter to discuss. The crew remained below to gamble away or perhaps to win the booty they had received on their latest expedition. Alverez sat in silence for a while and over him came a feeling of dread at the thought of the confession he must make to this tall, strapping boy whom he had come to love as his son. Then hurriedly he launched into his bloody tale of plunder aboard the ship belonging to the boy's father which had ended in such disaster. He ended his tale as abruptly as he had begun it, and gazed pleadingly up into the face of the young man. The lad put him at his ease, at once, for he had nothing in his heart but forgiveness.

When the youth finally understood that he didn't belong to the pirate ship, but still perhaps had a mother in "Old Spain," he became restless and felt an urge to travel to satisfy his own curiosity concerning the fate of his mother whom he had never known.

At length the captain permitted the youth to make plans for his departure and after handing the boy his ring, he had kept for all these years as a mark of identification, he sailed as near the coast of Florida as he dared where the boy was received without questions by an individual who did not look like the picture of honesty.

A few years later in the streets of Madrid there appeared a young serenader who had no occupation other than to entertain the rich and poor alike. From his meager earnings he clothed and fed himself. After a time he became a familiar figure and seemed as much a part of the city as the buildings and streets. Not an evening passed that the young man didn't come to sing to the people of Madrid. It became a well known fact that no entertainment was complete or regarded as a success without his songs. Many persons at dusk had pictures revived in their minds once again as they listened to the serenader's sweet songs.

In a particularly beautiful, marble structure in the southern side of the city, there dwelt a gray-haired, sad-eyed woman. There still remained a few traces of the beauty which had been hers, on her lined face. Rarely a day passed that she did not sit on her balcony and gaze at the waterfronts in the distance, as if something for which she was searching would unexpectedly slip into the harbor at any minute, and when dusk had deepened into night there came an inevitable look of longing and disappointment over her countenance.

On one of these many occasions a shadow suddenly appeared under the low roofed balcony and under the cover of darkness sang songs of the sea. It seemed as if this supply was never ending, for as soon as one ended he launched into another. At length he ended his recital and the lady placed a handful of coins in his outstretched palm. He made a sweeping bow and passed on into the next courtyard where he started anew. As she closed the shutters of her balcony windows, his clear, young, tenor voice came faintly to her ears which she strained to hear the distant notes.

This came to pass each following night, but no words were uttered between them, and perhaps this would have continued indefinitely had not unexpected guests from a far city appeared one night. When he came to serenade, she asked him to step in a moment to entertain her guests, for he would surely gain great profit from these generous Spaniards.

While he was giving his recital, she suddenly noticed the curiously ornamented ring which he wore on one of his fingers. She gave a stifled gasp, but showed no other sign of surprise. He entertained the visitors until they decided it was time to depart, but they did this with obvious regret. He would also have departed but she detained him with a sign. After every guest had gone, she asked him where he obtained a ring of such queer design.

He told her the story of the capture and death of his sea captain father while she listened with ashen face.

She showed great emotion at the conclusion of his story, and he asked the cause of it. She disappeared into the adjoining room and reappeared with a ring of the same design. He suddenly realized that all his wanderings would now be ended.

So the two, who had waited countless years for this, were united.

A Day in the "Lab"

ANNE SHENNETT, 11-2

We come to our "lab" class prepared for the day
(As to that perhaps the instructor could say).
The class straggles in, we finally get started.
To the instructor's dismay, no thoughts have darted
Through our compendious minds, as is seen
By the things we say or those we mean.
When precautions are given, and last minute notes,
(On these our instructor sometimes dotes)
"All right"—the permission to start to work,
Our keys are found, we're told not to shirk.
We start the experiment, hoping in vain
That the test tubes we'll keep, the benches not stain.
We stand and minutely equipment weigh,
"Exactness is time-saving" the instructor will say.
A flask, a ringstand, and tubing of glass,
Preparation being made throughout the class.
Chlorate, manganese, and acid poured in.
The latter we know is injurious to skin!
We vigorously heat things to the distress
Of the instructor. What he says? You may guess!
Drawers are opened and shut with a bang,
As bottles all rattle, metallic sounds clang.
Pop! goes a gas jet. "Attention!", the command,
"A gas jet is on!" It's turned off by swift hand.
"Smell this!"—a bottle thrust under our nose.
Unconsciously we breathe to find there no rose,
Instead, sulphur dioxide, a gas distasteful.
We have no desire of this to be wasteful;
Thus the object of a neighborly prank,
For which the neighbor deserves a good spank!
We strive with formulas, equations, usw (u. s. v.)
Sometimes it seems that it's "all Greek to me"!
Busily writing we find ourselves choking,
The sensation is really very provoking!
Someone's equipment is effervescing
Hydrogen chloride. The feeling? Distressing!
Sizzle and crack! goes somebody's flask.
That it's broken, of course, we need not ask.
Surely the setup had been inspected,
Perhaps it might have been rejected!
Or maybe the person in abstract mood
Was careful not where the hot flask he stood!
A faucet is turned, water is splashed,
For our paper across the way we dash.
We find it spotted, and slightly damp,
If we only could get our hands on the scamp!
A hurry and bustle to get our work done,
In between times a moment is snitched for some fun.
We test the products. They could be better,
"The materials we used weren't quite to the letter"

We clean up the benches and all to perfection,
Just according to the instructor's direction.
We hurry through drawings, which looked at again
Seem to have been made by someone of ten.
"Finish up quickly, we're told as we hurry,
"Or to your next class you'll have to scurry!"
The whole class is finished as the words are said!
What the instructor will think, when this he has read.
As teacher says, "Papers in at the end of the class!"
The heart sinks, in more than one boy and one lass.
A minute or so—b-rringgg goes the bell,
As for a day in the "lab", that's all I can tell.

* * *

The Rosetta Stone

LORNA DRUMMOND, 10-2

(A tablet of basalt, containing an inscription in two forms of Egyptian hieroglyphics and in Greek, was found in Rosetta, Egypt, in 1799 by Monsieur Bousard. It supplied the key to the ancient inscriptions of Egypt.)

In the land of ancient Egypt
Flows the Nile by sphinx and temple.
Monolith with hieroglyphics—
Early form of picture writing
Used by scribes and priests of Iris.
Thus they wrote that fair land's history
On the tombs of all the Pharaohs,
Temple walls and reed, papyrus.
There is found that ancient record.

Years passed on, the land was conquered
By the Greeks and then the Romans
So that writing was forgotten
And was lost for many ages.
Yet, a scribe of Ancient Egypt
Chained beneath the hand of labor
On a stone engraved these symbols
Of the ancient picture writing,
And beneath it carved the writing
Of the later lords of Egypt.

Then two thousand years later,
Long was lost the Roman culture.
Came Napoleon with his legions
Despoiling all the land of Egypt.
And a soldier of this army
Stumbled on that stone, half buried,
Carried it with him to Paris.
There a little while, it rested.
Then a scholar saw the writing,
Found in it the key, long wanted
To that ancient picture writing.
Thus was found the stone, Rosetta.

A Vagabond Song

ELIZABETH WALLACE, 12-3

Blue sky above me
  Clouds, billowy, white.
Sun in the heavens
  Sending forth light,
Brilliant and warm,
  Life giving ray.
I thank god
  For the sun today.

Black sky above me
  Seeming so near.
Stars in the heavens
  Sending forth cheer,
Twinkling and laughing,
  Blessed and bright.
I thank God
  For the stars tonight.

Skating Days

MAE RUMRILL, 8-9

It rained all day and then the next
  The water froze the ice
Into a slippery sheet of glass
  That made it smooth and nice.

One by one the skaters poured
  Upon the solid pond
With joyous laughter carrying back
  And reaching way beyond.

The colors flew by thick and fast
  Spots of red and blue.
All the merry young folk
  Lots of old folk too.

All the pond was crowded
  With people by the score
Who cared how cold their toes might get
  When skating socks they wore?

How joyous are these skating times
  That winter brings along.
"Hurrah for good old skating days"
  Will be our sole theme song.

Day's End

ELIZABETH WALLACE, 12-3

Quiet evening and fading light,
  Shadows softly creep,
And the sky now grey, reluctantly sees
  The round sun sink to sleep.
Then night like a blanket settles,
  And holds within its sway
A strangely silent world that rests,
  Awaiting another day.

Teachers Aren't So Bad

MARION KELLY, 10-2

Carol Travers kissed her mother good-bye, trying to look carefree and happy, but feeling very lonely and homesick, already. It was her first day at "Miss Gibson's Boarding School." After seeing her mother disappear from view, she glanced at the girls and felt very much confused because she did not know one of them. Finally, she found her room and sat down to collect her thoughts. She wondered what her roommate was like. Carol looked in the mirror and said very sternly:

"Now listen here, Carol Travers. You're going to stop being so silly right now. The very idea of being homesick! You know Miss Gibson is very nice and Miss McCleany is a darling."

The door opened softly and a small dark girl entered. With a cheerful "hello," she threw herself on the bed.

"Are you my roommate?" she asked.

"Well, it looks that way. What's your name? Mine is Carol Travers."

"I am Helen Daniels, 24 Belmont Street, Baltimore, Maryland, born in the year 1917 of Mr. and Mrs. James H. Daniels. If any further details are wanted, call or write to the station to which you are now listening."

"That's complete enough," laughed Carol.

Suddenly a bell rang so loudly that both girls jumped.

"It must be dinner!" said Helen.

"Let's go. I'm starved!"

Feeling very shy they went downstairs where they met many other girls who felt as they did. The girls seemed friendly and soon Carol and Helen were laughing and talking with them.

After a few days, one of the girls said, "We ought to have a midnight feast, they always do at boarding schools." The girls all agreed to the idea and soon plans were under way.

Now there are only two little questions to be answered. Where shall we have the honorable feast? What on earth shall we eat, dust?"

"We could have it in our room," said Helen looking rather doubtfully at her roommate.

"Well, I suppose we could," said Carol slowly. "I'll write to my mother and ask her to send us something. Of course, I can't tell what it is for."

"My aunt will send us something."

"Do you really think we can get away with it?"

"Sh, girls! here comes Miss Benson!"

"Boy, doesn't she look mad!"

"She gave us the next five pages to translate! What a woman!"

Finally, the great day came. None of the girls were able to do any work during class periods. Miss Benson and Miss McCleany stood talking in the corridor.

"I think something is going to happen tonight. Nobody did any work at all in Latin," said Miss Benson. "I was a girl once and know that when I was a freshman in boarding school a midnight feast just had to be held. I am on duty tonight, and those children will have a good time until near the end, when I shall walk in and help them eat the remainder of the feast."

"I can just see the faces on those girls when you walk in. I wish I were on duty, too."

"I will call you so that you can come into the room with me."

"Do you know what room it is to be held in?"

"No, but I can easily find out."

Meanwhile the girls were discussing the event in Carol's room, not suspecting what was going to happen.

"Well, there's the bell. Don't forget girls. Quarter of twelve."

"As if we could!"

That night when Miss Benson went around and peeked in each door, she had all she could do to keep from laughing. "As if anyone couldn't tell from their faces what is going to happen tonight."

About quarter of twelve, white figures were seen running from room to room.

"Is everybody here?" whispered Helen.

"All present and accounted for!"

"Let's eat!"

"Look at those sandwiches! Did you ever see so many? Cake, cookies, pie, and candy! We'll never be able to finish it all."

"Let's try, anyway."

Miss Benson rapped softly on Miss McCleany's door. Miss McCleany came out and said, "I'm all ready. You know, I believe that I feel more excited than those girls."

The girls were all seated in a circle with only one candle lighted.

"So far, so good! We haven't been caught yet. Let's hope our luck continues."

At that moment, the door opened softly and the two teachers entered. The students turned around with startled looks on their faces.

"Well, girls," said Miss Benson," we have come to join the party."

"I hope you will welcome us," said Miss McCleany.

"Well, er, uh, sit down, won't you?" said Carol.

"Carol, your 'wells' some day will make a river," said the English teacher.

"How did you know we were having a party?" asked Helen.

"When girls don't do their work in class and go around with guilty faces, we teachers know that there is something in the air," said Miss Benson.

"Are you going to tell Miss Gibson?"

"If you girls don't give us something to eat, we will," said the Latin teacher.

After the party was over, the teachers looked at each other and smiled wisely. "There will be no more midnight feasts."

The next day the girls met outside Room 14 in which the party had been held and discussed the party of the night before.

"Gee," said Helen, "teachers aren't so bad after all. Are they girls?"

Northern Exposures

By MEN ABOUT TOWN

Grab yourself an aspirin, children, we're here again.

WARNING!! All publicity hounds looking for recognition in this column will not be noticed unless they are willing to expose their private "lives."

That diner at Norfolk Downs seems to have taken the place of MacKay's for that after-school "puff that refreshes."

It seems to us that the assistant editor of this rag spends more time writing and reading letters to and from Marian Johnston than doing his homework. Oh, for the life of a schoolboy!

At one of the volley ball games one of Mr. Whitney's dear children was heard to cry out, "Oh, mama, look at papa's new underwear."

Under the order of a certain authority one of our very pretty senior girls was among those present at a seventh grade penmanship class. How you doing, Rheta?

To this casual observer it seems that "Mutt" Mathurin got the inside track in the eternal triangle between Ann Peterson, himself, and Ralph Bevins.

Info: One would-be student went into room 212 eating cheese crackers. Result: Miss Savage furnished another full box for him. Think it over—Angels.

The Voice came out one week connecting "Bill" Morrison and "Giggles" Kendall, and the next week connecting him with Thora Soderberg. How come? Is he that good or is it you, Shields?

Believe it or not, Ralph McLeod (actually) played the part of a modest shrinking violet at the football entertainment. Who'd have thunk it?

Grover "Sawhorse" Clark is running around these days with paper and pencil. What for? Why, just to give you his autograph.

Dunbar and Wallace—'nuff said.

Info: The perfect alibi for a. w. o. l. in study rooms is two "misled" library slips.

'Tis said a recent visitor to North remarked: "There's not a bad looking bim in the bunch." Just imagine what he'd say after all these knitting creations appear!

Jean Curry just had to add that feminine touch to "Kurt" Butterfield's football sweater. A red cord and tassel.

What the well-dressed horse will wear as modeled by "Jimmie" and "Mal" in the football entertainment. SHORTS and sweet.

Cruelty to dumb animals!! Miss Billman eating all kinds of refreshments in front of the starving cast at the class play rehearsals.

In spite of George "Dimp" Howe's leadership in red shirts, the black shirts have become prominent. — They don't show the dirt.

TOO SWEET FOR WORDS:

"Dicky" Carlson in a boy scout suit.
Mr. Luce saying "ambiguity."
Mr. Smoyer's benevolent grin.
The Voice's voice.
Jack Garden in knickers.
"Pete" Zoia pushing a baby carriage.

Mabel Finch admiring "Ned" Assmus's dimple.

Big business for the truant officer lately—what with Joe Penner, Phil Baker, and Jimmie Lunceford in town all in a row.

'Tis rumored that the question before the band at present is whether to be snappy in military uniforms or sweet in capes.

In spite of the Girls' Club play being "for women only" among those in attendance were Mr. Hofferty and "Russy" Williams.

Adios, children! We will be seeing you in the graduation number.

IS IT LOVE?

"Willie" Crosman and ————.
Phil Emery and Betty Bloxsom.
George Hampton and Betty Sanders.
Carolyn Trop and Reggie Leith.
Peter Cooke and Edna Shyne.
William Frye and Dorothy Stebbins.
George Hill and Irene Willard.

Incidentally, we see that a nifty little senior blonde, is doing some fancy kicking besides peddling smokes at Steuben's these days.

Just curiosity? We wonder if Mr. Collins had any special idea in his mind when he issued that order to clear corridors immediately after school.

Couldn't you fellows just go for these gals who come to school wearing those delectable ski pants. Especially dirty red ones with beautiful light pink sweaters.

"Deacon" Carlson is having a hard time making up his mind between two peaches. Which is the rosier, Dickie?

We hear that the president of the Student council was called a "three minute man." The question that occurs to us is, is he prepared for action or is he a soft-boiled egg? What ho, Reggie!

The Diary of a Fox Terrier

MABEL SCHWAB, 8-9

Nov. 2. New family moved in next door today! I hope there's a dog I can play with. One playmate isn't enough.

Nov. 3. Saw the new dog. She sits on a pillow all day.

Nov. 4. Met Fifi today. She's awfully stuck-up. Don't like her.

Nov. 5. Rags and I went exploring in the woods. We found a baby fox and started to play with it. Its mother came along and chased us away. Rags almost stepped into a trap, but saw it in time to miss it.

Nov. 10. Rags and I went to Fifi's party. We didn't have much fun. Fifi has a nurse to take her out. Baby!

Nov. 12. Rags and I took Fifi into the woods. Everything went fine until Fifi got caught in the brambles. What a job we had getting her out. I don't like girls!

Nov. 14. Chewed at the master's slipper. Didn't taste very good. Got a whipping and was told to go behind the stove.

Nov. 16. The family went on a trip. They tried to take me, but I ran away. Played with Rags all day.

Nov. 18. Rags has some new brothers and sisters. They haven't opened their eyes yet.

Nov. 20. Family brought back a cat. How I hate cats! She's petted all the time. She has my place by the fireside, and I have to sleep down cellar. She's teacher's pet!

Nov. 21. Rags and I are trying to get revenge on her. Tried many different ways, but it was useless as she was too smart.

Nov. 23. I took Mitzi out in the woods today. When we passed a big elm tree a big white thing jumped out. Mitzi was so scared that she ran into the woods. The "white thing" was Rags with a sheet over him.

Nov. 25. Nothing important has happened since last week. Fifi won't speak to us. Every time we go by her, she sticks her nose up in the air and we laugh at her.

Dec. 5. My birthday today. What a day! The mistress took the family into the woods for a picnic. Rags went with us. We chased a rabbit and a fox. Got back safely, though.

Dec. 10. A baby visited us today. He nearly pulled my tail out.

Dec. 20. There's some mystery around here. People are tying up and hiding funny-shaped articles.

Dec. 22. Tommy, the baby, got into a jar of jam and hid behind the chair. When we found him he had jam all over his face, hands, and rompers.

Dec. 24. Master and Mistress decorated a tree after the children had gone to bed. Wouldn't I like to get at the funny shining balls they hung on it!

Dec. 25. Was awake at 5.30 A.M. The children got up early. I got a package of dog biscuits, and a new sweater. Also a collar with a license.

Dec. 27. Saw Fifi today. She got a new pillow and blankets, new ribbon, and a bottle of milk. She thinks she's swell!

Jan. 1. Couldn't sleep last night; it was so noisy. Everyone was yelling, "Happy New Year." And I hope you, too, have a happy new year!

The Thrills of a Lifetime

MIRIAM THOMAS, 12-1

It was a trip full of thrills and adventure that was started that morning late in June, just as the sun was beginning to rise. It was to be a trip half across the continent to see all the wonders from here to the Mississippi River.

Our first stop was Niagara Falls. The beauty of the famous Falls can only be realized by standing directly beneath them, for then only is one able to recognize their majesty. Certain waterproof clothes have to be put on before one can venture down to the water-soaked platform beneath the Falls. I was told to put on a flannel shirt (which scratched me until I thought I'd go crazy), and a pair of flannel knickers that hung off somewhere between my knees and my feet. An oilskin coat and hood, and a pair of slippers which must have been at least size ten, to say the least, completed my costume. An elevator took us (the guide and me) far below, and we started out on the slippery, slimy board walk that is built over the rocks to the foot of one of the Falls. I was proceeding along behind my guide when suddenly a gust of wind blew the spray from the Falls right over me. It was like a sheet of rain descending on me and I felt my wet clammy knickers flapping around my legs. When I was as far under the falls as I could get, I looked up and pointed to the top of the falls. Such a torrent of water went rushing down my neck and down my sleeve that I thought I was being washed away in a flood. Seeing a sign at my elbow informing me that "You're all wet," I decided that nothing could be lost by looking up again. Imagine my surprise to see 167 feet of water cascading down at my feet while the sun on the water made rainbows everywhere I looked. I almost had to tip over backwards to see the top (another torrent of water down my neck), but I know I shall never see another beauty of nature as wonderful or as breath-taking as my viewing Niagara Falls from their very feet.

Across the barren stretches of the fields of Canada we went, until, at dusk, we arrived at the busy little town of Port Stanley on Lake Erie. Although Lake Erie is one of the smallest of the Great Lakes, one would think it the Atlantic Ocean. Great ocean liners ply back and forth across the lake; waves break on the white sand; and upon the beach, the merry-go-round, the roller coasters, the ferris wheels, the peanut and pop corn stands all vie with one another to produce the most noise. They call it the "Coney Island of Canada" and that is almost a perfect description, for the only thing lacking is the spicy tang of the salt air. The best part came when I plunged into the waves and for an hour enjoyed the thrill of swimming in Lake Erie, one of the Great Lakes.

Continuing along the shores of Lake Erie, across the great Ambassador Bridge into Detroit, past the great Ford plant and village at Dearborn, through the arid farm lands of Indiana and Illinois, we came at last to Madison, Wisconsin, where we visited with friends for more than a week. The highlight of our stay there was our trip through Freeport, famous because of the address made there by Abraham Lincoln, through Baraboo, home of the Ringling Brothers circus, to the home of Ulysses S. Grant, and thence to Dubuque, Iowa, where we came upon the long-looked-for Mississippi River, majestically winding to its destination in the south. Although it is far from being at its widest at Dubuque, one can easily imagine the heavy boat traffic there is on it in the south. But although it is rather narrow at Dubuque, we were shown places destroyed by the floods even though they were almost a mile from the river. After spending most of our money in tolls crossing the river, we returned to Madison, Wisconsin, and then to Chicago and the World's Fair.

The World's Fair! How often had I dreamed and thought of being there and now my dream was realized. First, there was the gay Avenue of Flags with a great eighty-foot flag for each state. On one side of the Avenue was the beautiful red and white Sears Roebuck Building, the plain white Illinois Host Building, the yellow Swedish Pavilion and the Czechoslovakian Pavilion, where novelties from those countries were sold. On the other side was the black and red Italian Pavilion modeled after the plane in which General Balbo came to America a short while ago. Then came the Loama Temple, a beautiful Chinese building without a single nail in it. Across from the Temple was the great Hall of Science with its massive towers and modernistic architecture, where one could find anything from how to brush teeth and the causes of cancer to the evolution of man. Next to this was the General Exhibits Group which contained among other things, a wonderful exhibit of rare diamonds. There was also an exhibit of dolls dressed and modeled in such a way as to represent such famous persons as Florence Nightingale, Jenny Lind, Queen Victoria, Martha Washington, and Bible characters. In back of this was the Hall of Religion and the great Havoline thermometer which could be seen from all parts of the Fair and which gave the correct temperature at all times.

Then the villages: first, the "Streets of

Paris," then "Old Heidelburg," "The Midget Village" with real midgets and midget homes, and then old "Fort Dearborn." Across the street one could see the mountains of the Belgian Village, and the American Colonial Village. The latter was very interesting as it contained many places we all know of. Paul Revere's home, Mount Vernon, the Old Boston State House and a real village blacksmith under a "spreading chestnut tree," and many other buildings connected with Colonial America. After that was the "English Village" with Shakespeare's Home, Ann Hathaway's Cottage, the Old Globe Theatre where an English stock company was putting on Shakesperian plays, Wine Office Court where Oliver Goldsmith lived, the Old Curiosity Shop and many other typical English places.

Then came the automobile buildings. The great Ford building had a tower built in tiers. At night each tier was lighted up in a different color. In this building there were Egyptian carriages, ox carts, covered wagons, buggies, and all types of old-fashioned automobiles, right up to the present Ford, which could be seen rapidly being put together. In the General Motors Building across the way, one could order a Chevrolet in the morning, watch it being made, and drive it away at night. Across the street we saw the Chrysler Motors Building and next to that the Travel and Transport Building with its dome suspended by steel girders. If there were many people in the building, the air would cause the dome to rise; if only a few people, the dome lowered. The Travel and Transport Building and The Wings of a Century depicted different types of old-fashioned transportation and those of today.

Over on the Island, was the Food and Agricultural Building containing all sorts of food and agricultural machinery. The Hall of States consisted of nmmerous rooms, one given over to almost every state in the union. Florida was particularly noted for its hanging moss and tropical plants; California for its redwood trees; Arizona for its white sand floor. In the Electrical Building was contained every possible electrical appliance. An interesting feature of this building was an electrical robat which smoked, turned on and off electrical appliances, sat down, and got up. The Horticultural Building contained all types of beautiful gardens and flowers. Last of all, tucked over in a corner was Hollywood, where a different celebrity appeared each week. Over the North Lagoon was the famous Sky Ride, and in the center of the Lagoon, a beautiful fountain made up of a hundred small fountains, was brilliantly lighted every night with many colored lights.

After Chicago, we turned homewards. Through Indiana, Ohio, West Virginia, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and then to New York. We visited Radio City, and had another thrill, for we were able to watch a broadcast going on. We visited the studios of Rudy Vallee and Lanny Ross; we saw the contraptions used to make sounds like waves, rain, or a steamboat. After a short stay in New York, we at last arrived at home, very tired and still thrilled over the whole trip which had started so long before on that Jnne morning when the sun was just rising.

The Miniature Manet

RUTH DAGGETT, 8-4

Story-book Land

The slumber boat is waiting,
Come join our sleepy band.
And we'll drift away in dreams dear,
To anchor in storybook land.

For story-book land has streets so wide,
And quaint little people too.
Everything seems in harmony there,
With plenty to see and do.

Mother Goose folk live on the hill,
Our faithful friends and true.
Jack Spratt, Bo-Peep, and Curly Locks,
Cinderella, and Little Boy Blue.

History Village will be our next stop.
Oh! What a thrilling quest,
With Washington, Lincoln, Lee, and Grant,
Heroes we love the best.

In Poet's Vale awhile we pause,
A peep at fiction and then,
Wait! Our visit is landing us
Safe in Blanket Bay again.

Essay

OUR GREAT BAZAAR

Let us picture our school as a great bazaar. The pupils are those who attend; the salespeople are the teachers who sell their wares at an exceedingly low price. For instance, you may purchase Mathematics for accuracy and thought. Also you may purchase many other subjects by just patient trying. You must be sure to attend regularly if you wish to be among the winners. Remember, the price you pay is small compared to the reward of being a success in the world.

JOKE

Firemen are like garters. Now why do you suppose? Garters hold the stockings and firemen hold the hose!

THE SPOTLIGHT
"When do you spose they serve the refreshments??"
RED
YAAAH? WHO SAID I WAS RUNNIN— YA BIG BULLY
WHEN A GUY SEES RED — —
OFFICER-CANT I PLEASE HAVE A DRINK?
SO WHAT?
Copy cat!
Tsk! Tsk! What DO you think of that- we're stuck!
Let's listen to the radio
200 PM
BL.

A Winning Vacation

JEAN PETERSON, 8-8

Chapter One

One sunny afternoon in June when Betty Anderson came home from school, her mother called her into the sitting room. "Betty," began her mother, "how would you like to go out West for your school vacation?"

"Oh, you know I'd love to go out West," replied Betty, "but you're only teasing me."

"I'm not teasing you, dear," replied Mrs. Anderson, "Uncle Jack has invited us out to his ranch in Colorado."

"Really? When do we start?" exclaimed the excited Betty.

"One week after school ends, just two weeks from today," answered her mother.

"Oh, boy!" replied Betty, "I can hardly wait."

"Betty," exclaimed her mother, "do stop using such slang!"

Betty did not stop to listen to the lesson, but rushed upstairs to tell the good news to Tom, her younger brother.

The two weeks seemed like two years to Tom and Betty, but at last the day came when they waved good-bye to their friends, and the train pulled out of the station and headed westward.

Chapter Two

The long journey to Leadville was an enjoyable one to both young and old. The mountain scenery like many other sights was very beautiful.

One night the train stopped with a sudden jerk and a screeching of brakes which awoke the soundest sleepers on the train. Betty raised her window a little higher and looked up towards the engine. There stood five men armed with revolvers. Handkerchiefs were tied around the lower part of their faces, and their hats were pulled down low so that their faces could not be seen. In front of the group stood two men whom Betty thought to be the engineer and the fireman. Their hands were up in the air. Just at that moment the engineer made an attempt to pull the cord which would sound the whistle, but the tallest man who was standing in front, pulled the trigger of his revolver which was aimed at him and the engineer fell to the ground in a heap. Then the tall man exclaimed, "I guess that will teach you. Let anyone else try it, and he will taste the same kind of lead." Pointing to the fireman, he gave the other men directions to tie him up and put him behind some bushes.

Betty pulled in her head and gasped, "Mother, it's a train holdup." At this Mr. Anderson started to make his way through the crowded car to see if he could be of service, but Mrs. Anderson pulled him back. "Dan, you mustn't go up there. You're liable to get shot!" exclaimed Mrs. Anderson. But Mr. Anderson pulled away from her grasp and disappeared in the car full of excited people, some of whom were hiding their valuables in the berths and in many other places.

Mrs. Anderson sat down on her berth and wept for fear of her husband's getting shot, while Betty and Tom tried to comfort her. Soon Mr. Anderson came back, much to their relief. The expression on his face puzzled them, for he was smiling at a time like this. He told all the passengers that they were only making a moving picture of a train holdup. Soon the berths were again filled and the train moved on toward Leadville, the Anderson family's destination.

Chapter Three

"Leadville," shouted the conductor in his usual manner.

"Betty, you take those two overnight bags," exclaimed Mrs. Anderson, "and, Tom, you take the black leather suitcase. Your father and I have to take care of the trunks. We'll meet you on the platform." When they were all gathered together on the platform, a man in an old Ford drew up. The children recognized him at once as Uncle Jack, and ran up to meet him, followed by their mother and father. After the greetings were over, they loaded the baggage onto the battered Ford. They were soon traveling over the rutty road towards the ranch. It did not take long to get there for it was only five miles from town. Betty and Tom spent the rest of the day exploring the ranch and making friends with the cowboys. That night their Uncle Jack promised to take them out to an old mine of his in "Shadow Canyon" which he was about to give up, for he had not been able to get any gold out of it.

The next day Betty and Tom arose early and had their breakfast. While they were waiting for their lunch which their Aunt Doris was putting up, their uncle showed them how to saddle their horses. Soon they were ready and rode out to "Shadow Canyon." Their uncle pointed out the different places of interest and soon they came to the old mine. They tied their horses and climbed down the ladder which led down the shaft.

Uncle Jack stopped to hammer off some rock to show them how it was done. Betty wasn't interested in this. She was eager to see the rest of the mine so she continued to go farther in. When she saw she was near the end of it,

she saw a rat. As any other girl would have done, she screamed and flung herself up against the wall. Her hand pressed downward on a protruding piece of block, and she was amazed to feel it moving downward like a lever. As it moved downward, a section of the wall moved inward like a door. Before her eyes was a sight which dazzled her, for there on the floor of a little room with rock walls lay a pile of golden nuggets.

By this time, Tom and Uncle Jack had arrived on the scene and stood in awe as they gazed at the piles of gold. When they had collected their senses, Uncle Jack said humorously, "Well, Betty, you're quite a fast little gold digger."

After finding that the piece of protruding rock was the handle of a lever which opened the side of the little room or cave, they picked up a few of the nuggets to put into their pockets for proof of their story, and pulled the lever upward to close the room.

They spread their lunch out on a rock by a stream in the canyon. When they had finished, they rode back to "Sunset Ranch" where they told their story of good fortune. Most of the praise was given to Betty. Had it not been for her girlish fright, the gold never would have been discovered. As the discoverer, her uncle promised her one-third of the profits of the mine.

"Well," exclaimed Betty's father, "this certainly has been a winning vacation for you."

The Marvelous Benefits

STEPHEN HORTON, 10-1

(From the speech of Senator P. J. B——— in the halls of the Senate on March 11, 1934.)

"Mr. President! I rise to speak in defense of radio advertising.

"When one sits down and turns on the radio, immediately the air is filled with a program of good, bad, or indifferent quality; this program we learn was made possible by such and such a company. The announcer tells us of the excellent quality of the product or products of that company. As he begins his discourse, the hearers shout, 'Shut that off!' But, stay, have you ever considered what they might learn from the few remarks of the announcer?

"We have often wondered of what our toothpaste is made. By listening to the program on which our brand of toothpaste is advertised, we soon learn what the ingredients are. Or perhaps, the financially minded or the investors would like to know the amount of the assets and liabilities of this or that life insurance concern. By turning on the radio, they are able to have that information without laborious research. Then one must consider the great historical value of these advertisements. In these the trials and tribulations of the originator are told. Science is oened in a vast field; we learn that this chemical combined with that chemical will result in the product which offers such great benefits to mankind. We must acknowledge that radio advertising is not torture. It is an invaluable asset to the radio in regard to educational value.

"The maerial benefits received from radio advertising are innumerable. By writing a limerick or an essay or what have you, the listener obtains a handsome reward, provided the piece extols the advantages of the product supporting the contest and is better than any other one submitted. Thus one can obtain some 'easy' money in submitting these pieces of literature. Those who desire to enlarge their vocabulary will hear new words constantly being used to inform the listener exactly what the product is like. The mere fact that these words are used in the superlative degree need not worry him who seeks after knowledge, for if he just cuts off the EST and looks the word up, he will have an addition to his vocabulary. The countless letters which are read over the radio ought to go far in reëstablishing the lost art of letter writing. Another person's opinion of that product is often required by the discriminating buyer who is in doubt whether to risk his money or not. These letters are usually praising the produet to the skies, but that need not worry him as he merely wanted somebody else's opinion, and now he has it and should buy without further ado. Perhaps you use your toothpaste for the sole purpose of cleaning your teeth. If you do, you are quite old-fashioned, for you may learn forty different uses for your toothpaste by merely tuning in on a certain program.

"I have endeavored to prove to you that this thing called 'advertising' which makes possible programs otherwise impossible, which enables you to hear Amos n' Andy from Monday until Friday is also beneficial in other ways as I have shown.

"Mr. President! I move that we have more advertising on our radio broadcasts."

The Voice Arrests Attention

Editorials

The "Manet" takes this opportunity to welcome "The Voice," the newspaper published every three weeks by the students of North Quincy High. The staff:

Editor-in-chief .....Gordon Shields
News Editor .....Dorothy Stebbins
Sports Editor .....William Pratt
Art Editor .....Vernon Jensen
Social Editor .....Sydney Leonard
Circulation Manager..Thelma Throndsen
Faculty Advisor .....Miss Ruth Meisner
Mimeographing .....Miss Ruth Dennison and pupils of the commercialdepartment.

As a school grows in pupil enrollment, as North has consistently done in the last few years, the initiation of new projects is a wholesome sign. It proves that a physical and a statistical growth is accompanied by an intellectual expansion all the more purposeful because it is another outlet for pupil participation in an extra-curricular activity. That "The Voice" stands for such a purpose is clear from its aims: "We have chosen 'The Voice' as our title because it fits our aim to give voice to the various events throughout the school. These articles are written for students from a student's point of view."

As we all well know the newspaper plays an important role in modern life. No institution can afford to ignore the influence of journalism. We at North compose a big institution; one in which the business of learning how to live is being taught. How far reaching then will be the ultimate influence of "The Voice"!

Just as newspapers in the outside world do, so does "The Voice" reflect the aims and the tastes of the student body. This fact alone places a marked responsibility upon the shoulders of the staff of the "The Voice," to select for writeups those articles of school news that will acquaint the student body with its full duty towards the school as a whole. For example, throughout its sport section it should not only report the results of athletic contests, but also emphasize the importance of good sportsmanship, especially on the part of the large group of students who attend the games.

Perhaps a few suggestions on student social behavior at extra-curricular performances held in the auditorium would not be amiss. Of course Mr. Collins and the teachers have spoken of student conduct with very satisfactory results, but a minority of students has not been moved to react favorably. It is from these students that "The Voice" can arrest attention, for the printed word reaches farther than the spoken, and its influence is subtle and profound; especially when that written word is "for students from a student's point of view." Perhaps we shall see in the not too distant future a student forum in "The Voice" for the lively exchange of student opinions.

Already in its infancy "The Voice" has justly become popular with the student body. In conclusion we of the "Manet" staff not only welcome "The Voice" but pledge to it our continued and active support by promising to be in the front ranks of subscribers to its every issue.

At the Beat of the Drums

The Music Department at North Quincy High School has achieved recognition for the excellence of its work. Such praise has been well earned, for the glee clubs, the orchestras, and the band in all their appearances at school assemblies and at public affairs have given musical performances of high grade.

It is true, nevertheless, that there is more to consider in the case of the band than just the quality of its performance. Yes, indeed, we refer to uniforms for the band. Bands have always been uniformed. A band without uniforms is an artistic unreality, a deceptive illusion. What the dabbled smock is to the typical artist, the neat uniform is to the band player.

Of course the fact that our band is only a year and a half old accounts for the lack of uniforms, for it is economically impossible at the start of any public school project to attend to all the details. But now is the time to raise money with which to buy uniforms. Why now, you ask?

Well, this spring, Quincy is to play host to other schools at a musical conclave. Band competition will be rife. Do we want on that day to hang our heads in shame because the North Quincy High School band will be without uniforms? Do we want our boys to look as much out of place in the conclave parade as a fellow in sport clothes at a formal reception? Or do we rather want the physical appeal of a

smartly uniformed N. Q. H. band to stimulate our nerve centers? The sound of our own band and its rhythm will, under this last condition, give us a thrill, and we will happily keep time with our feet.

The Music Department is anxious to be able to buy uniforms for the band before the conclave. The Department alone, however, cannot raise the necessary funds without the support of the entire student body. Last November, the Music Department held a worth-while concert. Noted artists on the program included Walter Smith and his son Stewart, Miss Roberta Clark, members of the Wollaston Glee Club, and the Quincy High and North High bands.

Unfortunately the auditorium was only about half full. Has the student body kept its faith in the Music Department? We feel sure that it has, but that it was simply negligent in buying tickets and in selling them to music lovers in the district. The school is going to sell candy daily, the proceeds from the sales to go towards the fund for buying uniforms. And we of the "Manet" Staff urge the students of the school, especially those thoughtless ones who spend all of their recreational money outside, to remember that in the spring they may be proud of a neatly uniformed band provided that they coöperate 100% with the Music Department in raising money to buy uniforms.

Students in grades 7 and 8 at North all enjoy one period a week of directed extra-curricular activity. This program is popularly known as club period and occurs the sixth period every Tuesday. During this time pupils and teachers, riding the same hobby, informally rub elbows in a jovial spirit of give and take. Mr. Foy is this year, general chairman of the club program. Perhaps our readers would like to glimpse at North's clubs on review.

(*Continued on page 36*)

Why Plan?

"Life is one long stream of activities, of work done, of energies transformed. A plan of life, therefore, is a plan of work." We should realize how true this statement is, and should see that the essential thing that is needed in order that our many efforts may be crowned with success is a plan. There was never any great business, engineering project, or military performance that was successful without carefully drawn plans before the actual practical work was started. Our intelligence tells us that we in this school need plans, plans that we should start now and develop into a complete and intelligible scheme that we may use for our life and work. We are working every day and nearing the end of our school life where our real life begins. While in school we work out the plans that have been made by our school committee, parents, and teachers, but our schooling is only the beginning which is made easy and comfortable for us. Every one wants success, and a continued easy journey from the day he finishes school to the end of his life, which he can get only by planning. No successful life was ever planned in a day; so we must start before it is too late. While we are standing still as we are now, gaining knowledge and experience, we are rich, for we have those with us that will help us and guide us, but soon we will be forced to make our own way in the fast moving life where no one will stop and wait for us to plan. The longer the time we have to plan, the better our chances are of being successful. Therefore we should and must start now.

RUSSELL WILLIAMS, 12-2.

Happy Landings

There is, these days, a much overworked adage which admonishes us "not to change horses in mid-stream." This department thinks it not amiss, since this is the mid-year period, for all of us to stop to examine the merits of the horse we are now riding. If, unfortunately, it is a decrepit old plug it would be wise to change to a horse of spirit for the rest of the ride; in other words, we must now take stock. If our old way of studying, or rather, of not studying, takes us near the danger line, there is time enough to change for a better way. It takes grit to change deliberately from a program which has us in a comfortable rut. It is, nevertheless, worth it, if we are in mid-stream with a questionable chance of reaching our goal, to ge courageously against the old order of things, and make a new start for the better. So, if we haven't progressed very successfully up to the mid-point, let us take a chance on a change. Let's change our horses in mid-stream! And, happy landings in June to all of us!

CATHERINE ZOTTOLI, 12-1.

Editorial Points

Vague hopes are kindled by those last in line, so it is at our lunch counter and in our studies.

"Coming events cast their shadows before," and there are only two shadows per ten weeks that we fear at North.

"Old unreliable,"—unwritten excuses, will we ever learn?

To be present in any class around 2.30 is to be, in many cases, absent.

It is common knowledge that a bird with only one wing is crippled—poor North—1960 —??????

Usually the overworked are the ones to growl, but sounds of dissatisfaction have been heard from the Athletic Council—they claim too much idleness.

We didn't know we had balconies at North, but maybe that's the reason our dances are attended by so few.

What every Northerner needs is enough will to concentrate—on homework of course. What else COULD it be?

We thought that the dictionary, "Caesar," and "Sans Famille," were the least cared for books at North, but your Editor thinks differently. The library beckons. Come you pupils—get acquainted.

Many seniors can hardly wait for their rings. What fun it will be to wave them majectically toward the poor, insignificant underclassmen!

North's disappointed pupils wouldn't feel quite so sad if they could get a glimpse of some teachers' high school records. Possibly the teachers have ENTIRELY forgotten those days —possibly.

Challenges are often issued at North and some easily defeated, but the class of '36 will have a task when we say that "Big Hearted Herbert" can't be "beat."

Large profits—Excellent product. Yes "the product determines the profits," and "The Voice" isn't just getting along.

A safe bit of philosophy for most Northerners who travel in study halls, is that "silence is a safe journey in any land."

Then there's always the "Monday morning quarterback," who would have done so much better if he had been in that game!

Assemblies, special or otherwise, are a Godsend to many hard-working students—so overloaded with work that one just must take a last?—look at,—etc., etc.

The Meeting Will Come to Order

On Thursday afternoon, January 31, the Girls' Club of North presented "The Meeting Will Come to Order," a play in one act by Noel Walters, in the auditorium before a good-sized audience. The production was directed by Miss Elizabeth Savage of the faculty. The cast:

Clara Hobbs.....Ruth Strasburg
Matilda Strong.....Elizabeth Wallace
Carrie Werner.....Miriam Thomas
Hattie Wetzel.....Kathleen Buddenhagen
Lizzie Casey.....Edith Zottoli
Aggie Simpson.....Elizabeth Sanders

The entire action takes place in the living-room of Clara Hobbs' house. The set used the previous Friday for the Senior Class Play was also used for this play.

The costumes were riotously funny, and certainly smacked of hick town eccentric styles. Lizzie Casey's ever-slipping, old-fashioned shawl and bobbing pompom feather on her hat were typical. Watch Carrie Werner's red hair with her made-over giddy purple dress just short enough to reveal her cotton-ribbed stockings above her high-buttoned shoes, and you can see the illusion of small town costuming was faultlessly carried out.

The action of the farce centers around the efforts of Clara Hobbs to get her club of married women and of one spinster to accomplish deeds of note.

The outstanding acting in the play was done by Kathleen Buddenhagen and by Elizabeth Wallace; both of whom gave excellent interpretations of their roles. Their diction was equal to that of stock company actresses. Edith Zottoli furnished a lively comic note, and Miriam Thomas helped the action with the clever rhythmical rocking she indulged in for stage effect. Both Elizabeth Sanders and Ruth Strasburg were satisfactory in their roles.

Alumni Editor speaking:

"Number, please—just one moment," greeted me, and I waited patiently, 'phone in one hand, pencil and paper in the other. You've guessed it. I was trying to find out how the world is treating those poor strayed souls who left us last year. Believe it or not! Most of them missed the good times they had enjoyed at North, and they were actually envying me for being still in school. Maybe we can't appreciate this feeling until we're on the outside looking in, too. *(Continued on page 38)*

Clubs on Review

Educational Travel Club

Sponsor—Mr. Sylvia

In this club boys possessed with the spirit of wanderlust are taught how to travel intelligently and economically on their own initiative. An accumulated account of their many happy jaunts would read like a chatty page from Robert Louis Stevenson's charming travels. President, Henry Pierce.

Stamp and Coin Club

Sponsor—Miss H. Hunt

Not with the miserly motive of Silas Marner, but with an optimistic desire to collect and to trade coins and stamps, the boys in this club enjoy a profitable period each week. President, Edward Moody.

Leaders' Club

Sponsor—Miss Reilly

The active pupils in this club practice gymnastic set-up drills, devise new exercises, and then each day between the second and the third periods of class work, revive the waning pep of students in grades 7 and 8 by directing set-up drills. President, Barbara Munroe.

Hospital Happiness Club

Sponsor—Miss Bradley

The thoughtful members of this club are doing an excellent piece of missionary work every week. Scrap books and nick-nacks are made and sent to the shut-ins in local hospitals. The club has adopted for its motto an altruistic sentiment: "Spread a little cheer throughout the year." President, Karen Galberg.

The Mystery Club

Sponsor—Miss Howlett

Boys and girls as mysterious as Houdini himself have loads of fun every week trying out new juggling devices and tricks on one another during a thrilling club period. President, Charles Watkins.

The Cartoon Club

Sponsor—Miss Sundelin

Black boards covered with crazy ideas and sensible ideas; drawings funny and serious; everyone gay and merry; yes, you've guessed it. The Cartoon Club is in session. President, Frank Hawco.

Junior Hi-Y Club

Sponsor—Mr. Hardy

Instructive and educational moving pictures, talks by famous outsiders, and general club routine afford the boys enrolled in this activity at least one enjoyable period each week. President, Francis Howe.

Dramatic Club

Sponsor—Miss Brown

From the ranks of this earnest group we may expect someday to find a worthy successor to Katharine Cornell or to Bert Lytell. Already the talent of these actors and actresses is receiving favorable comment. President, Marion Osborne.

The Health Club

Sponsor—Mr. Forrest

"Seek health and find happiness" is a true motto for this club if we judge by the lads we see belonging. Their posture is as straight as a soldier's; their happy smiles prove that they are benefitting from their good clean habits. President, Paul Wilcox.

The Sewing Club

Sponsor—Miss Goeres

Smart industrious fingers and the busy click of needles take that "stitch in time that saves nine," so the girls in this club believe; and we agree with them too. President, Urna Gombert.

Handicraft Club

Sponsor—Mrs. Carroll

The artistic members of this club make favors and novelties, many of which rival in delicacy and in good taste those novelties found for sale in the stores. Some members of the club who have won prizes for their work are Hazel Dartt, Anna McGrath, Marguerite Vann, Jean Peterson, and Thelma Jensen. President, Beulah MacLeod.

Art Club

Sponsor—Miss Smith

Moving pictures illustrating different phases of art work, out-door trips to take sketches of natural scenes, jaunts to the Boston Art Museum and to the Quincy Art Center. All these activities are squeezed into club periods by one of the most progressive groups at North.

The Book Club

Sponsor—Miss Coyle

Every Tuesday the library is the happy meeting place of forty-eight book lovers who simply ransack the shelves for more and better books to read. We predict there are boys and girls in this club that will some day be famous authors. How the world needs another Dickens or another Longfellow! How much longer will we have to wait, boys and girls? President, Marilou Le Doux.

The Checker Club

Sponsor—Miss Warren

Interest runs high in room 213 every club period. Why not; with plenty of red-blooded North boys and heaps of checker boards? Clifford Caseley, George Hurley, and Frank Richards are champions that any checker fan in the city would find hard to beat. President, Ted Adams.

First Aid Club

Sponsor—Mr. Phillips

The thirty-seven pupils in this club form one of the most practical activities in the school. They have gained knowledge of first aid treatment and will be glad to render their services to the school whenever they are needed. How fortunate we are to have these student doctors and student nurses in our midst! President, Louis Soule.

Photography Club

Sponsor—Miss Fogg

Versatility is the pass-key to membership in this interesting club. Specializing in the taking of different kinds of pictures, learning how to develop and to print pictures, making colorful Christmas cards, and producing lantern slides are the activities of this group. President, Dorothy Beam.

Motion Picture Operators' Club

Sponsor—Mr. Christianson

Varied and worthwhile is the work of these ambitious boys in this club. After a period of instruction, the boys use the projecting microscope, take teachers' orders for films, schedule the use of the films, keep the machines in good order, take photographs of different school activities, and make still pictures. President, Wallace Bixby.

Mischa Tulin Entertains

A real treat was in store for the student body on Monday, February 5, 1935 when North welcomed again a concert by Mischa Tulin. That Mr. Tulin's playing at the school last year was a success was evidenced by the large number of pupils who filled the auditorium to capacity at this concert in a desire to hear more musical wonders performed by this artist. And, too, each admission fee of ten cents went toward the fund for buying uniforms for the band boys.

Mr. Tulin himself is a Russian musician and an accomplished player of the theremin, a musical instrument comparatively new, invented ten years ago by a Russian whose name the instrument bears. The instrument, unfamiliar in America, is still a novelty even in musical circles.

The theremin resembles a radio cabinet; on the top of which a metal antenna rests, and on the right side of which a looped antenna is arranged. Very important although small, is the oblong case attached to the right side, for it works as an amplifier.

How to play this modern contraption that looks so much like our radio? The player must stand near the instrument. The human body gives off "positive" electric waves. The antenna, on the other hand, gives off "negative" waves.

When, therefore, a human being's hand or his body approaches the antenna, the motion pushes the negative waves back and forth. The motion of the electrons makes vibrations, and in turn, sound is produced. Strange as it may seem neither the hand nor the body actually touches the antenna, but the sound is made by the waves that come from the body. The range of the theremin covers five octaves.

Mr. Tulin explained, in a popular way, the range of the instrument by remarking that in the lower ranges its tone has a quality of that of a bassoon, string bass, and other low-pitched instruments. Further up the scales, the tone of the theremin is like that of the cello; still further up it approximates in tone the quality of the viola, the violin, and the flute.

Mr. Tulin also demonstrated an electronic cello upon which he imitated the sounds made by many other instruments.

The students are all looking forward to another enjoyable concert next year by Mischa Tulin, the wizard of modern music, with his theremin.

Alumni News

CAMPUS CHATTER

Russell Urquhart, former president of the class, is now attending New Hampshire State University. With him there, is William Spaulding.

Boston University claims six of our graduates: Janet Adair and Helen Leary are attending the School of Journalism. Janet is on the staff of the "B. U. News" and Helen is a member of a sorority there. Anna Cummings is studying secretarial work. Emory Farrington and Robert Phillips are going to the College of Liberal Arts, and William Marland, our noted guitar player, is at the College of Business Administration.

At M. I. T., Harold Acker and Charles King are our only representatives. Besides taking technical work, Harold finds time for recreation, and is playing hockey there.

At Northeastern, William Butterworth is also a candidate for hockey. Aldric Smith is taking the night course and Russell Vedoe is out for cross-country and is on the rifle team.

Catherine Horton, Margaret Hunt, and Muriel Nelson are at Colby Junior College in New Hampshire. I saw these girls when they were home for Christmas, and they unanimously declared they are having a "grand" time. Catherine and Muriel are taking the Liberal Arts Course, while Margaret is studying to be a medical secretary. What's more, they're all in the Science Club and Outing Club.

O. K. girls! Here's what you've been waiting for—some news about those football heroes of last year! Walter Bryan is at Boston College. "Cap" made the Freshmen team this year and writes, "I was fortunate in starting in four out of five of the games the team played. Next year, I hope to make the varsity squad." Of course you will, "Cap," and we'll all be on the tip of our toes rooting for you.

"Bat" Nelson is at Springfield College, taking up Physical Education, and has already won his numerals for football.

John Richardson, at Norwich University, in Vermont, is in several school activities. Besides playing football, he is in the band, glee club, and a fraternity.

Enough said for the football boys at present. Stick around, though. There will be more about some of the rest of them later.

Now for news from good old Harvard. Arthur Schuh is our only representative there. Here's what he has to say for himself. "I was admitted to Harvard with a scholarship and an average of honors, and am now living in the historic Harvard Yard in Straus Hall. The amount of my work has kept me from being anything but the head monitor in Freshmen Hygiene."

At LaSalle Junior College in Auburndale, we find Norma Hill. Norma was visiting at school before Christmas and although we didn't get any "statements for the press" from her, here is what she is doing. She is taking the dietetics course; she was on the field hockey team, and intends to go out for basketball.

Now for news from way out in Illinois. Marjorie Edwards is going to the University there and writes that she is working on the staff of the "Illini," the school paper, and is also a member of a sorority.

Lincoln Foster is also in Illinois, attending Wheaton College. He'll have you understand it is a Boys' College, not the Wheaton Girls' College.

Quite far away, too, are Helen Murray and Marguerite Knowles. Helen is taking up secretarial work at Stoneleigh College, Rye Beach, N. H., and Marguerite is in New York, attending Skidmore College.

To come back nearer home. Alma Libby is at Simmons, taking up secretarial work. Noyes Farmer is at Tufts College.

Here's to a couple of future teachers! Marjorie Cleary and Martha Reynolds are at Bridgewater State Teachers College. Martha is a reporter for the "Campus Comment," the school paper, and is also in the French Club.

STRICTLY BUSINESS

Here, everybody, are the names of the future big business men and women of America, who will, we are sure, do their best to chase away any future depressions:

Margaret Deering, Harriet Leavitt, Mary Ready, Mabel McDonald, Lillian Smith, and Margaret Duncan are going to Burrough's Adding Machine Company and some of them have already completed their courses.

Dorothy Burdakin, Frances Hughes, Ruth Kennedy, Madeline Mara, Helen Miller, and Grace Riley are attending Burdett's.

At the Fisher Business College, we have Ruth Copeland and Martha Haddow.

Mildred Eliot is a member of the Katherine Gibbs Secretarial School.

Robert Smith and Robert Seitz are going to Bentley's School of Accounting.

Richard Hedine is a student in the Oxford Business School in Cambridge.

Elizabeth Atkinson is attending Bryant & Stratton's.

IN GENERAL

Just as you suspected, Elizabeth Balcom is living up to her previous reputation at the Massachusetts School of Art. "Betty" certainly can draw. We've a whole stack of "Manet" covers to prove that.

Three cheers for the person who invented Beauty shops, and here're some girls who may each own one some day! Grace Brock, Frances Doucette, and Barbara Dunbar are all attending Wilfred Academy.

You probably remember the girl who used to entertain us in assemblies last year with readings—Virginia Broadbent? Virginia is now studying to be a kindergarten teacher at Leslie School, Cambridge.

Here's one of those "maestros" of the future! "Bill" Thomas is going to the New England Conservatory of Music and besides that he now has his own ten-piece dance orchestra. Maybe we will tune in on his orchestra some day!

You probably remember that several of the girls expressed their desires to be nurses. Two of them are in training now. Pauline Hopey is at the Massachusetts General Hospital in Boston and Mildred Swanson is at the Symmes Arlington Hospital. Mildred, who was in the glee club several times at school, is in one at the hospital.

Make way for the Navy! Norman White is at the Naval Academy Prep. in Washington and expects to enter Annapolis in the near future.

THE WORKING WORLD

Hear ye! We've several ambitious souls who have already stepped out into the business world.

Remember the boy who used to make all other sport writings look sick? You're right the first time. Kenneth Dowd! "Ken" is now assistant Sports Editor for the "Quincy Evening News."

May and June Ritchie are teaching dancing now at the Community Hall in Montclair, besides giving private lessons at their home on Wednesdays. They already have quite a large class.

Freda Brooks and Mary Hoffman are employed at the Travellers Insurance Company in Boston.

Constance Josselyn and Ethel Little are working at the Merchant's Credit Bureau, also in Boston. Recently Connie took part in a voice contest in the Metropolitan Theatre in Boston and won a prize. As a result of this contest, an ensemble was formed which now puts on concerts about twice a week. Congratulations, Connie!

Esther Thayer is working for the Sales Division of the New England Telephone Company, and is taking a night course at Burrough's.

Martha Winders is employed at the National Shawmut Bank in Boston.

Willard Wilcox is a Junior Clerk in the office of the N. Y., N. H., & H. Railroad.

Marie Donavan is in the office of the Liberty Mutual.

Marjorie Engley is doing office work for the firm of G. W. MeNear, Brookline.

Richard Kendall is in the firm of Allyn & Bacon Company, Boston.

Elinor Lawton is employed in the executive office of the Pepperell Manufacturing Company, Boston.

Marjorie Libby is a doctor's assistant.

Fenton Powers has a part-time job at R. H. White Company.

Robert Smith is working in the office of the A. & P. Company, Boston.

Clifford Austin is employed in Brooklyn, N. Y., and Frank Seitz has been working there until lately.

Anna Strang is in the office of the John Hancock Life Insurance Company.

Paul Weden is working for the United Drug Company, Boston.

WEDDING BELLS APPROACHING

Mary Hughes announced her engagement recently to Joseph Youngworth. She expects to be married some time in the early spring. We are sure everyone joins with us in wishing you just loads of happiness, Mary!

Literary Contest

The winners of the literary contest sponsored by the "Manet" for this issue are:

Stephen Putnam, 12-1
"Nature in the Raw."

Josephine Cambria, 11-5
"Chatean d'If."

Donald Shepheard, 10-2
"Cruise of the Tecumseh."

Kenneth Henry, 9-1
"Concerning the World's Foremost Theater."

Jean Peterson, 8-8
"A Winning Vacation."

Priscilla James, 7-3
"Freckles' Lesson."

HONORABLE MENTION

Elizabeth Wallace, 12-3
"A Vagabond's Song."

George Orr, 12-3
"Hitch Hiking."

Marie Cappos, 11-5
"A Day at the Fair."

Lorna Drummond, 10-2
"The Rosetta Stone."

Marion Kelly, 10-2
"Teachers Aren't So Bad."

Lorna Keith, 10-4
"Telephone Monologue."

Arlene Gaffey, 7-3
"How the Pekinese Got Its Nose."

We thank Miss Beesley, Miss Currier, Miss Parker, Miss Raycroft, Miss Reilly, and Mr. Smoyer for judging the winning manuscripts.

Northern Rises and Falls

Football

Football, basketball, wrestling, soccer, and the minor sports all in their seasons form a pleasant and beneficial recreation from class routine; a change which helps us physically because of its vigorous activity. Mr. Donahue, football coach; Mr. Rogers, basketball coach; Mr. MacDonald, wrestling coach; assisted by Mr. Abele and Mr. Landy as the ninth grade coaches; and Mr. Sylvia, soccer coach, smiling, congenial, all good fellows, have enriched the lives of all the boys on their teams and have made the athletic program at North a living example of good sportsmanship on the part of all the players.

* * * *

It is common to hear one say that the first impression is the impression that lives the longest, but in the case of North's 1934 pigskin carriers this was proved a mere belief. Their first impression was a 6-0 defeat handed them by a spirited Norwood team. Caught early in the first half, when Norwood successfully completed a reverse play for the score. North seemed to wake up. With untiring efforts they battered the opposers, making threats at their goal, but the day was to be Norwood's and the game their game.

Fresh and determined, the second battle with Weymouth was easily taken by North with a satisfying score of 14-0. Any bench warmer will say that there was the real Northern spirit present, probably a direct result of the discouragement in their initial tilt. "Pete" Zoia and "Bill" Morrison crossed the O line for twelve of the points and Captain "Sonny" Fay's toe did some perfect converting. It was great broken-field running on "Pete's" part, and "Bill" surprised the coach as well as the team with an unknown play around right end.

Real proof that the first impression isn't always the lasting impression was decided as a result of our stalwart defenders' victory over Whitman. It was the line's perfect co-operation with the backfield that placed the 18-7 on the score sheet and made it favorable to North. A Harding-to-Fay pass started the tallying and encouraged the team to march on down the field with spectacular open-field runs made by "Pete" Zoia, and passes by "Ken" Harding. "Mutt" Mathurin was responsible for North's second touchdown which lightened the fans' hearts and placed courage in the team's. At this point, which was far in the final period of the game, Whitman's ace, Chiros, took a pass from Jackson and scored the lone Whitman touchdown. A last minute show of fight and strength brought the Northern gridiron ploddders down to the goal line and over for the third Northern touchdown.

Powerful line bucking and highly effective running attacks forced North to take the losing end of a 19-14 score when they fought Hingham in their fourth battle of the season. Again, some wonderful kicking and field-running by Mathurin and Zoia featured the game, but proved to be just too weak to stand the terrific strength and endurance of Hingham's warriors.

There was a reputation to gain, there was a title to keep! And 8,000 nervous, impatient, spirited fans were waiting for the whistle that would announce the start of the annual North—Quincy football game. The young and old seemed to possess an exuberant spirit never before seen in Quincy and this was an energy that paralleled the teams' and seemed to keep every person on the field and bleachers tense and excited. There were color and enjoyment in the stunts of the fans and cheer leaders before the game, but as the teams lined up, dug in their cleats, and prepared for the battle everything was silent. The whistle, and then commenced the bells, cheers, and the other noise-making instruments that sounded for the full length of the game.

North received the ball and on her first down attempted a trick play that would have spelled Quincy's doom had not the excitement been too much for the players. Quincy received the ball on her third down and DiGravio kicked a field goal, but an off-side member of her force prevented any score from being posted. The first quarter was otherwise eventless and after three more periods of spectacular runs by North's first-class backfield and Quincy's renowned carriers, plus threatening completed passes, the game concluded with the score tied, 0-0.

Statistics show Quincy is far in the lead, but statistics never actually won a game and this game was wholly a moral victory with a Northern clan. The game was a show of the great strength and ability of the two teams which shall long be remembered by the eager bench warmers.

Lineup:

NORTH QUINCY HIGH

L. E.....James "Sonny" Fay (Captain)
L. T.....Kenneth Fallon, Ned Assmus, Peter Cook
L. G. .....Paul LaHive
C. .....Curtis Butterfield
R. G.....Joseph Rogers, George Johnston
R. T.....Grover Clark, Robert Leonard
R. E.....George Hutt, Frank Orcutt
Q. B.....Kenneth Harding, Jack Garden
L. H. B......"Pete" Zoia
R. H. B......"Mutt" Mathurin
F. B....."Bill" Morrison, Caldwell

Continued on Page 47

First Row (Left to right): Kenneth Cody, Vernon Mathurin, Ralph McLeod, William Morrison, James Fay, Albert Edson.

Second Row (Left to right): Frank Morrison, Peter Cooke, Roger Comins, Robert Navin, Fred Cummings.

Third Row (Left to right): Coach Rogers, Herbert Swanson, Nino Mayer, Fred Todd, Harold Leith, Fred Young, Clarence Butts, Manager.

Fourth Row (Left to right): Charles King, Walter Anderson, Charles Gerry.

Basketball

North, 42; Milton, 9.—This is how the score sheet read when the "Red Raiders" had finished the first game of the basketball season. Opening the season in our own gym, "Mutt" Mathurin, "Ken" Cody, Ralph McLeod, "Sonny" Fay, and Captain "Bill" Morrison flashed the ball between themselves and a baffled Milton quintet. Through four quarters, each adding more points and making the game more hopeless for Milton, the Northerners played, making the ending quite satisfying and the players optimistic. The second team came through winners, 22-13.

The second game continued the fine work of the "Red Raiders" when they defeated the Essex Aggies 22-16. Close, but not too exciting, the teams played hard and fast.

A supposed off game because of the score, 32-26, was the North-Weymouth tilt. A broken defense was the trouble of the Northerners, and to have such an excellent, fast able team as Weymouth's running circles around you is no help. In the third quarter "Ken" Cody was able to make the last spark in the "Raiders" team glow, but not long enough to threaten Weymouth. Charles Tibbs, of the opponent's five, was by far the most colorful man on the floor.

Discouraged fans couldn't make the team downhearted, even after a 52-17 beating handed them by Winthrop's able, coöperating quintet. The poor gym in Winthrop offers a good alibi for our loss, but we salute a classy team there. The boys played hard and every man on the squad was sent into play; however it was all useless, for Winthrop took the game with ease.

To redeem themselves and show that they still could handle the basketball, the North-

Continued on Page 47

Locker Room Chat

By ONE WHO KNOWS

Things happen so fast around here that I am afraid this choice bit of gossip will be history when my dear readers cast their eyes over it. Well, even history can be interesting if put in the right way.

I have often wondered how Coach Donahue obtained his news on school affairs . . . emphasis on the affairs. . . . Well, girls, if you have a moment to spare at lunch time, go up to 210 and join the party. . . . It is very interesting to watch a red haired pirate being reformed by a mere sophomore. . . . I guess there is no more freedom of speech. . . . On the way home from the last football game, "Mutt" Mathurin revealed the cause of his latest love affair. . . . Don't worry, A. P., we won't tell. . . . Pete Cooke was forced to cancel a few dates when he was given the bill for the broken bus window. . . . The lettermen say that North's prospects for 1935 would be much brighter if Reg. L. could remain to do the punting. . . . I meant kicking. . . . Get it? . . . A committee was formed to prevent the fairer sex from wearing the football sweaters. . . . Bill Morrison and "Curly" LaHive who head this group will resign for lack of support. . . . It is about time Al Edson got over his nervousness on the basketball court . . . at least he is trying hard. . . . If you do not value your health, mention "Pink Pansies" around the Red Raiders' locker room . . . don't say I didn't warn you. . . . The contents of Ken Cody's wallet are certainly interesting . . . she's not half bad, Ken.

How many more are going to subject to Anna Cashman's pleas and let her wear their sweaters? . . . Fay, Dooley, Clarke, and Leonard have been the victims. . . . "Curt" Butterfield says that there is only one person in this world that will ever wear his sweater . . . such is true love. . . . George Hutt believes vice versa . . . much to Miss Gordon's disappointment. . . . It's too bad Bruno Hauptman didn't know "Charlie" King. . . . Here's one person who could give him an air-tight alibi. . . . It is rumored that Frank Morrison is developing into a great ping pong star . . . his training quarters are in the cellar of the Kendall home. . . . According to reports Ralph Patten and George Johnston are the two bashful athletes. . . . I think they are just careful. . . . It wouldn't do to forget our next year's football captain, Pete Zoia, in this chat . . . but as you and I know he's already spoken for. . . . You should see Ralph MacLeod's straw suitcase . . . give him a corncob and you have a good imitation of a farmer in the city. . . . Well, enough is enough. . . . Will be with you in the next issue.

Paging the Girls

Bang! and another redskin bit—oop pardon me, I mean bowling pin bit the dust. The girls, of the Senior Girls' Club, have taken up bowling in a big way and that accounts for all the noise on Hancock Street every other Tuesday afternoon. The girls meet at the Norfolk Downs Bowling Alleys. The first meeting was held on Tuesday, November 22, 1934, at the bowling alley. Following their meeting, the girls organized into teams and continued to compete among themselves. The pep, vim, and vigor displayed by the girls insure a good time and a lot of fun for all.

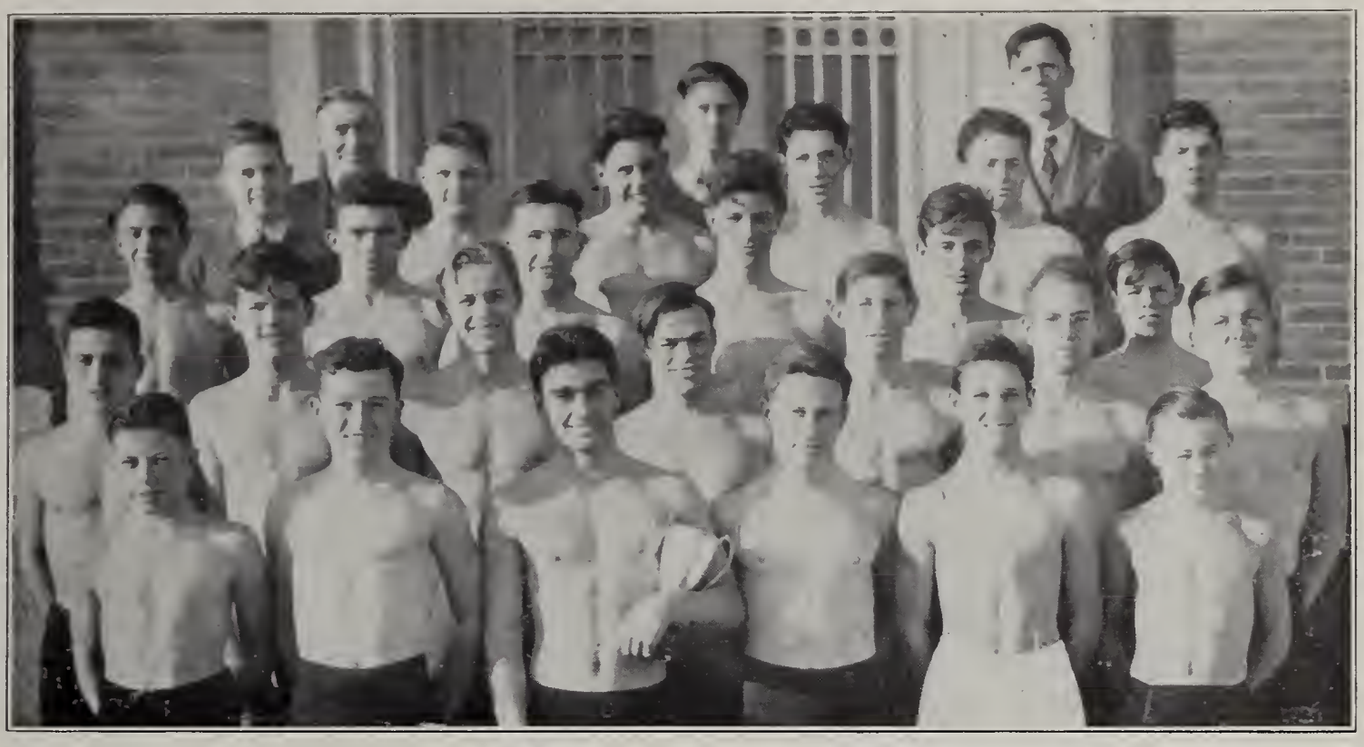
BAT BALL

While the girls of the senior unit have been bowling, the girls of the junior unit have indulged in a bit of that famous old game of Bat Ball. This peppy sport has been carried on under the able direction of Miss Perkins. Miss Perkins has stimulated the desire to play Bat Ball by the simple method of competition. A team for each homeroom has been formed in the seventh, eighth and ninth grades. Then has followed the fun! The girls on the various teams have met one another in spirited contest, the thought uppermost in each girl's mind being to bring final honors and victory to her homeroom division. As a result of this competition Miss Perkins has announced the following winners in each grade:

Seventh Grade
7-1

Eighth Grade
8-10

Ninth Grade
9-7



Front (Left to right): Michael McNiece, Harold Scollin, George Johnston, Ralph Patten, Robert Fallon, William Pickett.
Second Row (Left to right): Anthony DelGallo, Robert Weeden, Robert Olsson, Robert French, John Paulson, Lothrop Smith, Thomas Coleman.
Third Row (Left to right): William Bartol, Herbert Tonry, Joseph Doherty, Frank Orcutt, Stephen Putnam, Raymond Caseley.
Fourth Row (Left to right): Assistant Manager Gordon Shields, Joseph DeAvellar, George McEachern, Curtis Butterfield, Frank Howe, Gerard Cameron.
Fifth Row (Left to right): Coach Frank MacDonald, Vernon Berberan, Assistant Coach Trescott Abele.

Wrestling

The wrestling team is having an exceptionally fine season, having been defeated only once in eight matches. Every match has been won by a close score and the match lost was tied until the final bout.

North Quincy is a member of the Old Colony Wrestling League which is made up of local high schools in Quincy, Hingham, Needham, Weymouth and Watertown. So far Hingham, Needham and Watertown have been beaten while Quincy administered the only defeat. The prize for the high school with the highest percent at the end of the season is a silver loving cup, now in the possession of our squad.

The team also has matches with schools and academies outside the league. So far they have met and defeated the following: Andover Academy, Milton Academy, Thayer Academy and Haverhill High School. Andover Academy was the toughest competitor, only being nosed out by one point. Last year the match ended in a draw. Milton Academy, the only team to defeat last year's outfit, was beaten easily, North taking five out of eight bouts and four of these by falls.

The squad has two captains this year, Ralph Patten and George Johnston. Patten, who wrestles in the one hundred twenty-five pound class, has been defeated only once up to date, and then by a time advantage. Johnston, a one hundred thirty-five pounder, hasn't been beaten so far and hopes to continue successful. At the end of this column there is the record of every boy on the team to date.

Coach MacDonald, who deserves a lot of credit for the fine showing of the squad, has expressed himself as more than satisfied with the fine spirit displayed by every member of the team, and since few of the boys are graduating, hopes to have just as good, if not a better squad, next year. In the meantime he expects the boys to make a fine showing at the Tufts Interscholastic Wrestling Tournament and hopes to have them come out very near the top, perhaps even on the top.

A brief summary of each meet held so far follows:

North vs. Hingham at North—
North, 24; Hingham, 10.

105—Fallon (N)—Conway (H). Won by North, fall.
115—Scollin (N)—Studley (H). Won by North, fall.
125—Patten (N)—Harris (H). Won by North, fall.
145—Paulson (N)—Ruggles (H). Won by Hingham, fall.
155—Cameron (N)—Parmenter (H). Won by North, time advantage.
165—French (N)—Gileece (H). Won by Hingham, fall.
Heavy—Assmus (N)—Wilbur (H). Won by North, fall.

(*Continued on page 48*)

High Honor Roll

GRADE XII—Edward Bentley, Bettina Hayden, George Hill.

GRADE XI—Duane Aldrich, Rita Bnote, Josephine Cambria, Floyd Henry, Dorothy Leonard, Dorothy Robbins.

GRADE X—Martha Collins, Vlasios Georgian, Stephen Horton, Everett Pope.

GRADE IX—Robert Bliss, Shyrl Finlay, Edward Gartland, Helen Gilmartin, Barbara Keith, Charlotte Mandeville, Ethel Marder, Georgina Newell, Marjorie Ready.

GRADE VIII—Lnella Eaton, Arthur Georgian, Sabrina Greenwood, Edmund King, Ellen Roach, Gene Sprague, Dorothy Staples, Arthur Stickney.

GRADE VII—Frank Carroll, Annette Eaton, Waldo Finney, Arlene Gaffey, Dorothy Goodnah, Virginia Greenough, Priscilla James, Mary Lantery, Virginia Marsh, Belle Morrison, Hazel Pope, Ruth Rawson, Mary Siteman, Franklin Walter.

Honor Roll

GRADE XII—Richard Batchelder, Virginia Black, John Blake, Elinor Bruce, Richard Carlson, Margaret Cummings, Frances Curtis, Barbara Cushman, Margaret Downes, William Frye, Reginald Harding, Paul LaHive, Phillipa Lundstrom, Bernice Lyford, Samuel Miller, Bethiah Morrill, Carolyn Osgood, Stephen Putnam, Ethel Redford, Lothrop Smith, Miriam Thomas, Agnes Walker, Elsie Young.

GRADE XI—Edith Anderson, Louise Bowker, Walter Broydrick, Marie Cappos, Mary Cassie, Harold Champean, Eleanor Costa, Edith Cox, Fred Doherty, Graham Ewen, Gladys Finney, Josephine Grantstuck, Paul Jensen, Elmer Jones, Barbara Lindberg, Mary Macomber, Clare Monteith, Beverly Rice, Marion Rice, Marshall Roberts, David Stevens, Robert Stewart, Robert Sutherland, Claire Treco, Doris Wilkinson, Pauline Wood.

GRADE X—Edith Berg, Ethel Bettoney, Wallace Bixby, John Buckley, Frances Cambria, Margaret Childerhose, Olive Copland, Evelyn Curtis, Elsie DeWolfe, Lorna Drummond, Warren Frye, Lillian Gove, Bertha Greenough, Virginia Hardy, James Hawco, Dorothy Jaques, Doris Kenney, Ann King, Sydney Leonard, Elizabeth McCoskey, Robert Navin, Richard Rouse, Harold Scollin, Burton Smith, Margaret Strang, Barbara Thompson, Robert Townes, Eileen Walsh.

GRADE IX—Richard Aldrich, Pauline Allaby, Winifred Becker, George Beebe, Edythe Bright, Helen Butts, John Carlton, Helen Collins, Muriel Cooper, Winifred Copland, Phyllis Cox, Esther DeAvellar, June Delaney, Mary Demars, Shirley Diem, Jane Egan, Dorothy Farmer, Ann Finneran, Eleanor Flood, Marie Gandreau, Claire Germaine, Charlotte Gould, Kenneth Henry, Margaret Henry, Theresa Huggett, William Macomber, Harriet Matthews, Mary McCabe, Janice McGowan, Charles McGrath, Frederick Millet, Elsie Murray, Margaret Nagler, Gilbert Okerfelt, Patricia O'Neil, Edith Perry, Barbara Porter, Pearl Raiche, Robert Rich, Gladys Rowell, Dorothy Schrader, Helen Smith, Richard Stevens, Clara Ward, James Wells, Robert Williams, Claire Theller.

GRADE VIII—William Ball, Richard Bartlett, William Berberan, Nancy Cahill, Patricia Cole, Charles Crowell, Ruth Daggett, Norma Dodds, Betty Dunn, Philipp Ewing, Richard Fairbanks, June Graham, Fred Harrington, Frank Hawco, Russell Hirtle, Dorothy Hogan, Eleanor Howes, Norma Hurd, William Hutchinson, Roy Jeffrey, Leonore Johnson, Evelyn Jukes, Russell Kinney, Leonard Marsden, Dorothy Naumann, Ethel Nicholson, Vivian Okerfelt, Leonore Olson, Lawrence Purtell, Shirley Richards, Robert Richardson, Doris Rioux, Doris Sturgis, Betty Sweetzer, Evert Thronsden, Clifford Willey.

GRADE VII—Frank Assmus, William Buckley, John Burdakin, William Chase, Anna Collins, Dorothy Deacon, Audrey DeLoid, Harriett Dodd, Margaret Eaton, Robert Farrell, Phyllis Favorite, George Feinstein, Richard Finaly, Robert Foster, Virginia Harry, Leon Hayes, David Humphrey, Robert Jones, Norman King, Eleanor Knight, Jane Knowles, John Lynch, David Mandeville, Betty McCrory, Glenna McDonough, Mary Jane McIntosh, Albert McShane, Irene Mullaney, Albert Nelson, William Nesbitt, Celia Nestor, Barbara Newton, Austin Norton, James O'Hern, Ruth Perkins, Robert Peterson, Benjamin Pritchard, Eleanor Quimby, Richard Sandison, Noel Sawyer, Margaret Sayward, Arthur Sorenson, Marjory Stanton, Donald Stevens, William Todd, Justine Tonry, Thomas Underwood, Marguerite Vann, William Vedoe, Charles Watkins, Grafton Welch, Anna Williams, Betty Williamson, Edward Young.

Football

Continued from Page 40

QUINCY CENTER HIGH

R. E. ..... "Knuple" Kapsis
R. T. ..... John Keefe
R. G. ..... Aimo Hill, "Ken" Macdonald, "Al" Finn
C. ..... "Jake" Kovner
L. G. ..... "Al" Finn, Tauno Pitkanen
L. T. ..... "Ken" Service, Paul Di'Olympio
L. E. ..... Orre Carella
Q. B. ..... "Vic" DiGravio (Capt.), Frank Purpura
L. H. B.
Eddie Dunn, "Mike" Franchuch, "Herb" Lemon
R. H. B. ..... "Nick" Malvesti, "Herb" Lemon
F. B. ..... "Kaiser" Oliverio

With victories and defeats on their record, the Northern warriors carried their last pigskin to Taunton to a sad ending of a 13-7 score. Captain Fay received the pass directed to him by "Ken" Harding and he scored for North's only tally. At this point North died and it was to be expected, for this team, with the exception of four, was inexperienced at the season's opening. Taunton crossed the goal line twice, converted once and sent our fighters home beaten, but lightened in heart and optimistic as to the chances to battle in 1936 when they will be led by "Pete" Zoia as captain.

According to custom the season's outstanding and most able football players received berths on the South Shore All-Star teams. Out of six High Schools there are chosen 22 players and North claims the making of Fay and Zoia who were honored by being put on the first team. The second team carried three of North's players: LaHive, Butterfield, and Mathurin.

Standing (Left to right): Kenneth Allard, Mildred Arion, Arthur Starratt, Warren Delaney, Anita Giardino, George Hampton, Helen Vandeleur.

Sitting (Left to right): Leon Dunbar, Priscilla Wallace, Cedric Garton, Catherine Zottoli, Elizabeth Seavey, Edmund Reeves.

Senior Class Play

"Big Hearted Herbert"

On Friday evening, January 25, the Class of 1935 presented "Big Hearted Herbert," a comedy in three acts by Sophie Kerr and Anna Steese Richardson in the school auditorium before a large audience. The production was directed by Miss Kathryn L. Billman and John S. Hofferty. The properties were in charge of Miss Ruby W. Davison. The cast:

Herbert Kalness.....Arthur Starratt
Robert Kalness.....Cedric Garton
Elizabeth Kalness.....Catherine Zottoli
Martha .....Helen Vandeleur
Herbert Kalness, Jr.....Warren Delaney
Alice Kalness.....Priscilla Wallace
Andrew Goodrich.....Leon Dunbar
Amy Lawrence .....Anita Giardino
"Jim" Lawrence.....George Hampton
Mr. Goodrich.....Kenneth Allard
Mrs. Goodrich.....Mildred Arion
Mr. Havens.....Edmund Reeves
Mrs. Havens.....Elizabeth Seavey

The program states that the entire action takes place in the combination living and dining room of the Kalness home. The stage set and the furnishings were as effectively realistic and as smartly designed as this writer has seen in the trappings of any first rate stock company.

The costumes also were a revelation of distinctive taste. The dinner gown worn by Miss Zottoli in the second act rivaled any ever seen by this writer on the professional stage.

"Big Hearted Herbert" is not a bad title, for the action of the comedy centers around Herbert Kalness, a self-made business man, who insists that his family must be brought up in the plain traditions. When his daughter becomes engaged to a Harvard man, and his wife has not only ice cream, but Harvard men to dinner, Herbert nearly goes out of his mind with rage. Herbert's home becomes safe for Harvard men only after his family has embarrassed him by embracing his plain tradition literally. The sight of his wife in an old house dress and a supper consisting of Irish stew and apple pie, being served to his best customer and the latter's wife, destroys Herbert's last resistance.

Arthur Starratt is to be warmly commended for his sincere interpretation of the role of Herbert. His presentation was at all times professional. There was gracious and amiable refinement in Catherine Zottoli's portrayal of Elizabeth. The demands made of her change of character in the last act tested her dramatic ability to the full. She met this test with 100% success. Never has a boy actor on any amateur stage capered with any more natural ease and boyish pranks than characterized Cedric Garton of the ninth grade in the role of Robert. We hope to see him often in the next three years.

Warren Delaney was not only sincerely

youthful in acts one and two, but also surprisingly comical in act three. Priscilla Wallace created a natural Alice, and used to advantage her pleasing voice. Helen Vandeleur's rendition of Martha aroused more than one good-natured chuckle from the audience. Anita Giardino as Amy; Mildred Arion as Mrs. Goodrich; and George Hampton as Jim Lawrence all gave commendable characterizations that were favorably received by the audience. The others adequately met the demands of their respective roles.

Time Flies

September

5th—School starts—sessions in full force for grades 7-10. Back to teachers and books troop North's lusty sun-tanned Indians.

6th—And still they come—this time the 11th and 12th graders. Why, oh why, do some students believe in newspaper dates?

12th—Specimen grinds are now full grown, for hasn't school been in session for a week?

19th—Second week of learning dawns—North's monopoly of promenading Wollaston Boulevard exists no more—perhaps home work occupies spare time of certain well-known beach-combers?

October

15th—Star gazers troop up to Third Hill under Mr. Mullarkey's care.

16th—Stiff necks.

November

8th—E. R. A. concert. Why do auditorium chairs have to be stationary when our feet are tingling to the rhythmic E. R. A. interpretation of the "Continental"?

15th—Girls' Club Frolic. What fun we had roasting frankfurters way off in Squantum! Ever been there?

20th—Parents' Night—From both an intellectual and a social point of view this affair was successful. North's outstanding gymnasts under Miss Perkins and Mr. Rogers, thrilled the parents in a professional exhibition of strength and skill. Wonder how many confidences about "Yours Truly," parents and teachers exchanged in their tete-a-tete!

27th—Bustling day—no cobwebs of inactivity are left hanging after today's business at North. "The Voice" is heard for the first time at 11.30. This "Rain or Shine" paper certainly took North by storm. The hands on the auditorium clock point to 8.00 P. M., as a signal to the stage curtains to open on a music fest. Hail Walter Smith, Miss Roberta Clarke, and a representation from the Wollaston Glee Club, and the bands from the two high schools! A certain Wollaston tea room dispenses hospitality to the nth degree after Benefit Concerts at North. Are we right, Miss H———, Miss T———, and Miss O———?

28th—"The Sweetest Music This Side of Heaven"—the 12 o'clock bell. Visions of turkey, pumpkin pie, etc., and incidentally of no school until next Monday, a day so distant that it is befogged in haze.

December

7th—More and smaller star gazers—eighth graders with Miss Fogg visit Harvard Observatory.

11th—Captain Osborne lectures on Australia and shows colorful slides. We are all planning to travel for our vacation next summer. Perhaps Australia is a vantage point, or, then again, haven't we heard that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points? Ask the Math Department—they may even do your budgeting for you. Football entertainment in evening—11 P. M. and a good time was had by all.

12th—Mothers' tea sponsored by the Girls' Club—Miss Elizabeth Coatsworth, wife of our own Henry Beston, was a delightful lecturer and reader of her own poems. The library provided an ideal setting for her program. More people than one—were glad that the refreshments were so convenient to room 203.

14th—"The Voice" is heard again. It won't catch cold, for it is well wrapped in warm Christmas colors. Are we green with envy? Christmas dance held in the gym. Holiday spirit runs high!! Santa arrives by airplane at Dennison airport—how in the world, though, does it happen that he motors to North from Montclair!—anyway he has a jolly time at the dance. Wonder if Bill M. can explain what we want to know?

21st—Two inspirational Christmas assemblies inbue two large audiences with the true meaning of the season. North students quietly but whole-heartedly spread good cheer to many needy families.

27th—Senior Class Play Cast brave the coldest day of the vacation to come to the auditorium for a rehearsal. Was it by any chance you, Arthur, who were the first to arrive at school?—or are we thinking of the promise that the last shall be first, etc?

January

2nd—Oh! those Christmas neckties—still. boys, you might just as well be a shining light at school in one way as in another. We don't mind returning to studying today, for we have made no New Year's resolutions to break.

8th—Stimulating assembly for boys, Reverend Mr. Haskins, Pastor of the Wollaston Congregational Church, spoke on "The Youth Movement in America."

9th—Miss Shirley's day! When a teacher of sterling integrity and of pleasing personality nears the end of her teaching career, all her associates, both teachers and pupils, feel a pang of strangeness, but yet when that same teacher announces that her wedding day is but three weeks off, her associates take the opportunity of wishing her happiness in her new life. And in what better way can they do this than in presenting her with a lasting token of friendship? Miss Shirley, when the "greenness" of your presiding over the kitchen instead of over a classroom wears off, may the "greenness" of our kitchen accessories grow ever brighter in a home on Quincy Street!

15th—11th grade girls initiated into the Girls' Club—pigtails, pails, and what not! Is the world just a bit topsy turvy, girls?

24th—No school—high snow drifts, etc.

25th—Senior Class Play presented matinee and evening performances. Auditorium seats sold out at 8.00 P. M. Standing room only by 8.15. Evidently the outside world likes to watch Elizabeth's feminine wiles conquer Big-Hearted Herbert's sputtering dominance. We all admire Miss Billman's and Miss Davison's flowers; but what, oh what, a few of us would still like to know was the "present, just a little present" of Mr. Hofferty's?

30th—Girls' Club play and entertainment.

February

5th—Theremin Concert.

7th and 8th—Big Junior Carnival—Senior High keep out!

15th—Miss Otten's day—you've brought music into our souls; you've tuned us to appreciate the best in life—may we wish you a long and happy life as Mrs. Raymond Jones!

Soccer

Soccer lived a short life as only two games were played and both were defeats, but one must not laugh, for the defeats were handed out by the New England Champions, Quincy High School. Fight and endurance were the characteristics of every Northern booter, but their inexperience accounts for the 2-1 and 4-1 defeats. The first game with the Blue and White was a threat to Quincy's title and hopes were high in every booter's heart. The game that terminated the series lacked the interest of the first and the score of 4-1 tells the rest. The boys should be complimented for their ability to become Scotch Booters.

The Team:

Hollis Batchelder	Donald McKinley (Capt.)
James Crowley	Gerald Quinn
Fred Cummings	James Rumrill
Albert Edson	Scott Smeaton
Charles Gerry	Donald Urquhart
Harold Leith	Russell Williams

Basketball—continued

erners defeated Dedham 36-20. The game was played almost wholly by the sophomores, with the exception of a few minutes in which the varsity defenders were able to exercise and add to the score. The seconds were defeated by 25-15.

A peak was reached when our "Raiders" toppled Weymouth with a 32-30 score. Weymouth is credited with a perfect give and any team that can take a game from her, deserves to be highly commended. Our boys certainly should be so praised. A game of perfect coöperation with no one star playing is the key to a win, and our Rogers' coached five had that key.

North was invincible the day she humbled Winthrop 19-9, in the presence of a gym filled to over capacity. Again our quintet was an example of perfect coöperation and they showed the onlookers some real basketball, that kept them extremely interested and excited. It was also the "Raiders'" day to show the 52-17 defeat handed them by Winthrop earlier in the season was merely a mistake.

Dedham was set back a second time, with a 22-16, as the Northern clan continued on their way up the victory ladder. The game, although not exceptional, showed the "Red Raiders" in their usual good form, resting and preparing for their coming Quincy tilt. Dedham's scrappy five could in no way threaten the Northerners, but they made an untiring attempt, displaying endurance and courage. We also commend Mr. Rogers for his excellent coaching which has built such a wonderful team. He has given the boys the real idea and practical use of sportsmanship, courage, and spirit.

North vs. Watertown at North—
North, 31; Watertown, 0.

105—Fallon (N)—Kalafatis (W). Won by North, time advantage 6:10.
115—Scollin (N)—Tsalas (W). Won by North, fall, 4:02.
125—Coleman (N)—Abrahamian (W). Won by North, fall, 4:52.
135—Smith (N)—Lord (W). Won by North, time advantage, 3:35.
145—Johnston (N)—Pughese (W). Won by North, fall, 1:12.
155—Cameron (N)—Sullivan (W). Won by North, fall, 1:12.
165—French—(N)—Donnelly (W). Won by North, fall, 5:55.
North also won the exhibition bouts, 24 to 0.

North vs Andover Academy at Andover—
North, 13½; Andover, 12½.

115—Scollin (N)—Borough (A). Won by Andover, time advantage, 2:35.
125—Patten (N)—Lederar (A). Won by North, time advantage, 3:43.
135—Johnston (N)—Minor (A). Won by North, time advantage, 5:45.
135—Smith (N)—Baisel (A). Won by North, time advantage, 2:11.
145—Tonry (N)—Huffard (A). Won by North, time advantage, 2:42.
155—Cameron (N)—Bird (A). Won by Andover, time advantage, 4:43.
165—French (N)—Cochran (A). Won by Andover, fall, 6:37.
Heavy—Assmus (N)—Adams (A). Draw, overtime. No exhibition bouts.

North vs. Needham at Needham—
North, 16; Needham, 15.

105—Fallon (N)—Lothrop (Ne). Won by North, fall, :27.
115—Bartol (N)—Calitri (Ne). Won by Needham, fall, 6:38.
125—Coleman (N)—Gore (Ne). Won by North, time advantage, 5:12.
135—Smith (N)—Hazard (Ne). Won by Needham, fall, 5:07.
145—Paulson (N)—Nigro (Ne). Won by North, time advantage, 6:51.
155—Cameron (N)—Barton (Ne). Won by North, fall, 2:50.
165—Orcutt (N)—Marselli (Ne). Won by Needham, fall, 3:14.
North also won the exhibition bouts, 10 to 5.

North vs. Milton Academy at Milton—
North, 23; Milton, 13.

105—Fallon (N)—Ross (M). Won by Milton Acad., time advantage, 3:13.
115—Scollin (N)—Phippen (M). Won by North, fall, 6:46.
125—Patten (N)—Tain (M). Won by North, fall, 4:03.
135—Smith (N)—Crocker (M). Won by North, fall, 6:27.
145—Johnston (N)—King (M). Won by North, time advantage, 4:11.
155—Cameron (N)—Howard (M). Won by North, fall, 3:20.
165—Howe (N)—Swift (M). Won by Milton Acad., fall, 5:20.
Heavy—Doherty (N)—Swift (M). Won by Milton Acad., fall, 2:05.
No exhibition bouts.

North vs. Haverhill at North—
North, 24; Haverhill, 16.

95—Pickett (N)—Bennett (H). Won by North, fall, 1:10.
115—Bartol (N)—Gesmund (H). Draw.
125—McKinley (N)—Sacostio (H). Draw.
135—Putnam (N)—Shakinian (H). Won by North, fall, 1:42.
145—Paulson (N)—Ridlon (H). Won by North, refs. decision.
155—Orcutt (N)—Mavrojrides (H). Won by North, refs. decision.
165—Howe (N)—Paquette (H). Won by Haverhill, refs. decision.
Heavy—Doherty (N)—Sebastian (H). Won by Haverhill, refs. decision.
125—Del Gallo (N)—Jacques (H). Won by North, fall, 1:42.
145—Olsen (N)—Kenerson (H). Won by Haverhill, fall, 4:57.
No exhibition bouts.

North vs. Quincy at Quincy—
Quincy, 18; North 13.

105—Fallon (N)—Bishop (Q). Won by North, time advantage, 3:06.
115—Scollin (N)—Dunn (Q). Won by Quincy, fall, 3:28.
125—Coleman (N)—McDonaugh (Q). Won by Quincy, fall, 1:28.
135—Del Gallo (N)—Pinzari (Q). Won by North, fall, 3:07.
145—Johnston (N)—Banock (Q). Won by North, fall, 3:36.
155—Cameron (N)—MacGregor (Q). Won by Quincy, overtime, 1:15.
165—Orcutt (N)—Von Berg (Q). Won by Quincy, overtime, fall, 1:45.
North lost the exhibition bouts, 22½ to 9.

North vs. Phillips Exeter Academy at
Exeter—North, 16; Exeter, 13.

115—Scollin (N)—Tritz (E). Won by North, fall 2:33.
125—Patten (N)—Hansel (E). Won by North, time advantage, 2:53.
135—Johnston (N)—O'Keeffe (E). Won by North, fall, 5:14.
145—Tonry (N)—Gould (E). Won by North, time advantage, 5:29.
155—Cameron (N)—Tracey (E). Won by Exeter, time advantage, 5:31.
165—McEachern (N)—Gifford (E). Won by Exeter, fall, 4:55.
Heavy—Doherty (N)—Rumely (E). Won by Exeter, fall, 3:18.

LAKE ERIE

Before I saw Lake Erie I thought that it was a body of water that I could see the opposite shore of. But when I saw it, much to my surprise, it looked exactly like the ocean. To better describe the lake I will quote a line from a famous poem, "The breaking waves dashed high on a stern and rockbound coast."

The day I saw it was cold and windy, and as the waves dashed high something happened that I never dreamed of; they froze right in the air. Not only was it a spectacular sight, but it was a very beautiful one.

The Sales Talk

(A street-corner salesman)

RICHARD GARDINER, 11-3

"Come near and gather 'round, my friends,
  While I explain its uses.
You ask me what I have to sell?
  Why, the best thing man produces!
"This cream is called the 'Wonder Salve,'
  It's the best of all my wares.
You use it for a shaving cream,
  And to keep in falling hairs.
"It banishes unhealthy skin.
  For it makes good facial lotion.
On silver knives it shines the best,
  On copper, stops corrosion.
"It keeps your eyebrows nice and neat;
  It varnishes the books.
When used as rouge or powder,
  It adds to your good looks.
"Another use with which it's blest
  Is keeping down a cough.
When rubbed inside an old, loose hat,
  It stops it's falling off.
"At patching woodwork it's A1,
  And chilblains go—they must!
All mice lay down and die right there,
  And bed-bugs bite the dust.
"If mixed with cabbage, tar, and tripe,
  And set outside to soak,
It makes the very best tobac'
  That anyone could smoke.
"It cures the mange in half a day;
  It holds in sets of teeth;
When molded like a piece of wax,
  It makes a funeral wreath.
"It makes the very best of beer;
  It fertilizes corn;
When planning for a fishing trip,
  It catches worms at dawn.
"It makes canaries sing all day;
  Prevents a fainting flop.
Oh—oh! I'd better get away,
  Good-by, here comes a cop!

Echoes from the Play

PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT

Did you see the way Delaney acted at the table?

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE

Catherine Zottoli certainly proved that she knew how to manage a husband. Get busy, boys.

PAGING JOHN GILBERT

Priscilla Wallace and Leon Dunbar are on their way to Hollywood, judging from that kiss. We hear rumors of a romance.

"PECK'S BAD BOY"

Cedric Garton devouring that banana. That wasn't acting.

SOOTH YOUR NERVES

A cigarette lighter was a very appropriate gift for Mr. Hofferty. He did a wonderful job and got results.

COME OUT FROM BEHIND THAT BUSH

Did you see that misplaced eyebrow on George S. Hampton, Jr.?

Trees

GRAHAM EWEN, 11-8

(With apologies to Joyce Kilmer)

I think that I shall never see
A sight more wretched than a tree.

A tree whose hungry mouth is pressed
With signs of, "Homar's Tourist Rest";

A tree who looks at cars all day
And shouts, "Good eats one mile away";

A tree that may in summer wear
Garage signs, some here, some there;

Upon whose bosom snow has lain
Above the carving, "Tom loves Jane".

Signs are nailed by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree.,

Bubbles

Math. Prof.: "Listen here, young man, are you the professor of this class?"

Frosh: "No, sir."

Prof.: "Then don't talk like an idiot."

—The Old Line.

"There is nothing an actor dislikes more than the sound of people coming in while the play is in progress," says a critic, "unless it is the sound of people going out."

—Mentor.

A policeman, making his rounds in the early morning, found an inebriated individual standing in a horse trough waving his handkerchief over his head.

"Hey, what are you doing there?" asked the cop.

"Save the women and the children first—I can swim," was the answer.

—Harvard Lampoon.

The fact that Holland has windmills is no mark of distinction—the United States has Senators. —Penn Punch Bowl.

It is true that the uneducated are the happiest. They don't suffer when the wrong football team wins. —Hartford Times.

Customer: "I wish to buy an appropriate gift for a bride—something timely and striking."

Merchant: "How about a clock?"

—Scranton Scratch.

Hubby: "You call that a hat? My dear, I shall never stop laughing."

Wifey: "Oh, yes you will. The bill will probably arrive tomorrow."

—Lustige Kolner Zeitung.

"I have just come from the beauty parlor."

"It's too bad you couldn't get waited on."

—The Yellow Jaeket.

"Is your wife very garrulous?"

"Well, if I suddenly went deaf and dumb it would take her a week to discover it."

—Lustige Sachse.

Father: "Why were you kissing my daughter in a dark corner last night?"

Youth: "Now that I've seen her in the daylight I sort of wonder myself."

—Ski-U-Mah.

"Do you know Lincoln's Gettysburg address?"

"No, but in Washington it was the White House." —The Pathfinder.

Mother: "You were a tidy boy not to throw your orange peel on the floor of the bus—but where did you put it?"

Freddie: "In the pocket of the gentleman sitting next to me."

—Tid-Bits.

The old gentleman tumbled over a five-barred gate just in time to save himself from the angry bull. "You brute," he spluttered, shaking his fist at the animal, "and I've been a vegetarian all my life." —Bristol Life.

Speaking of schools and their closing, we are reminded of the note on the back of a little girl's report card. "Good worker, but talks too much." To which the father added this note over his signature on the back of the card, "Come up sometime and meet her mother." —Auxvasse Review.

A boy was balancing himself on his head when an old lady, a neighbor, came by. "Willie," she said, "you are too young to do that. You're only six."

"It's all right, Mrs. Jones," he replied without losing his balance. "I'm nine when I'm turned upside down." —Answers.

It takes a good woman to make a man a man; the other kind makes a monkey of him.

—San Francisco Chronicle.

Johnny: "Why does the whistle blow for a fire?"

Billy: "It doesn't, it blows for water. They've got the fire." —Border Cities Star.

Exchanges

"The Pinnacle"
Meredith High School, Meredith, N. H.

From cover to cover we breezed light-heartedly through your newsy commencement issue. Original in design and appropriate in spirit were the splendid cuts introducing your editorial, your exchange, and your alumni departments! We also like the friendly give-and-take spirit that permeates your Senior Write Ups.

"The Bryant Owl"
Bryant High School, Long Island City, N. Y.

Your Melting Pot number significantly and inspirationally strikes the keynote of democratic American ideals. Your cover design, both outside and inside, is a tribute to the ingenuity of your art department. Your column titles are clear-cut and smart, but your clever use of lines on every page for the novel arrangement of title and page numbers we consider the outstanding achievement of your makeup.

"The Optimist"
South Side High School, Newark, N. J.

The Thanksgiving issue of your monthly we enjoyed. Your cut of King Football is an appropriate and well-done frontispiece. The general style of your writing and of your make-up captures the reader's attention. Congratulations, H. C., for your quaint Lamb humor in "On Making a Pig of Oneself."

"Bennett Beacon"
Bennett High School, Buffalo, N. Y.

Cover stimulatingly appropriate; headings ingeniously different; illustrations smartly clever; general make-up decidedly professional; literary style masterfully done—the "Bennett Beacon" is, indeed, a perfect synthesis of perfect parts. Congratulations!

"The Purple Quill"
Ball High School, Galveston, Texas

Your monthly issue for January, 1935, merits our admiration. Perfectly amusing is your dedication. Surely the "Snoop's Snips" column must find popularity with the student body. We followed with interest the many suitable cuts by Everett Fernandez, and we want to congratulate him upon his robust ingenuity. We enjoyed "Writing an Essay."

"Golden Rod"
Quincy Senior High School, Quincy, Mass.

Your January, 1935, number is a masterpiece. What more sincere tribute can we pay you than to confess that although we have already read your magazine from cover to cover many times, yet to reach the last page is only a stimulus to turn the issue over to revel with sensuous rapture once again in your front cover, and with impelling delight to re-read the entire magazine.

A FEW WORDS FROM THE PRINCIPAL

I would like to correct an impression that exists in the minds of many High School students. A large number of them come to me, or call me on the telephone, and say, "Can I go to Bryant & Stratton even though I took the college preparatory course?"

Certainly! As a matter of fact, in cases where it is financially possible to take courses after High School, it is advisable to take a general or college preparatory course. It gives you a better education, a better background, and you are better able to take post-graduate courses. Later I will tell you more about the possibilities of the combination of a college education and a business training.

As a matter of history, Bryant & Stratton Commercial School is starting its 70th year. Ever since its beginning it has concentrated on purely business subjects — no frills, no superfluous subjects. During that time it has set the pace in many of the phases of business training, and today we combine our 70 years of experience with our modern methods of instruction, to make Bryant & Stratton graduates more in demand than any other school of its kind.

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